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No. 738.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK EXCH.

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 8, 1904.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.

SILENCE WAS GOLDEN.

"Look here, Tommy," said young Willoughby, "I believe you were in the garden last night when your sister accompanied me to the gate. I—er—I'd rather you didn't mention anything you happened to overhear. You can keep your mouth shut for half-a-crown, I expect?"

But the young imp shook his head. "I'm afraid not," he answered; "this is one of those cases in which silence is golden, you know." And Willoughby had to increase his bribe to half-a-sovereign.

COUNSEL: "What is your age, madam?"

Witness: "I only know from what I've been told, and you just told me that hearsay evidence was not valid in court."

"John," she said, gently, "you are interested in temperance movements, are you not?"

"Of course I am," he answered.

"Well, suppose you go and make a few of them at the pump-handle. I want a pail of water at once."

ROCK CAVES AS HOMES.

A LARGE number of the natives of Teneriffe dwell in rock caves at the present time, while those who have made more progress inhabit huts that resemble the caves.

The dwellings of these islanders are simply large boxes, often built, if such a term can be used, on the rock. They have three completed sides without openings of any kind, the roof is practically flat, except that in the centre it "dips" a little in order to catch the rain water.

The front of the hut has a door, which forms the only ventilation, and often the only means by which light can enter. This door is generally open, and the family sits either inside the hut quite close to the door, or outside in the open. They usually have a kind of cellar, which is a natural or artificial excavation in the rock foundation, and in this cellar they keep a pig. Sanitation is decidedly primitive.

"The Bluffs, I hear, have left town suddenly. Have you heard anything to explain their disappearance?"

"Yes; I believe it was due to their trying to keep up an appearance."

Hostess: "You appear to be in deep thought, Tommy."

Tommy: "Yes'm. Mamma told me if you asked me to have some cake I was to say something, and I've been here so long now I forget what it was."

SHE WENT DOWN.

THE man with the bronzed face and the rolling gait was entertaining an attentive circle of acquaintances, when Mr. Jones edged up just in time to hear the words, "And so the ship went down with all of us on board."

"She went down?" asked Mr. Jones excitedly.

"Yes, sir," smiled the bronzed-faced man. "She sank slowly but surely, and scarcely a ripple was left to mark the spot where she had sunk."

"But where were you?"

"In the captain's cabin."

"And couldn't you get out?" again questioned Mr. Jones.

"Why, no. I never thought of getting out," was the cool answer.

"Oh, I suppose it was all so unexpected?"

"No. We knew she would go down."

"And how did you escape?"

"I didn't have to escape."

"How's that?" Mr. Jones inquired. "If the ship sank with all on board, and there was no chance for you to escape, how do you expect us to believe your story when we see you sitting here alive and well?"

"It was a submarine boat," explained the man with the bronzed face.

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How I, an Innocent Man,
Served Seven Years'
Penal Servitude.

By Adolf Beck.

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Beck himself, and will start at once
in SMITH'S WEEKLY and
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FEARED HIS OWN GIFTS.

HOXY: "You haven't been to call on Jenkins lately."

Phoxy: "No, not since Christmas."

HOXY: "Why don't you? He treats his guests all right; puts out the cigars and all that, you know."

Phoxy: "I know, but I gave him some cigars at Christmas, and I'm afraid he's still got several of them left."

MADE HIM CAREFUL.

A SCHOOLMASTER, after giving one of his pupils a caning for speaking ungrammatically, sent him to the other end of the room to inform another boy that he wished to speak to him, at the same time promising to repeat the punishment if he spoke to him ungrammatically.

The youngster, being quite satisfied with what he had got, determined to be exact, and thus addressed his fellow pupil:

"A common substantive, of masculine gender, singular number, nominative case, and in an angry mood, who sits perched upon the eminence at the other end of the room, wishes to articulate a few sentences to you in the present tense."

He: "If I had known how sarcastic you were I never would have married you."

She: "You had an opportunity of noticing it. Didn't I say, 'This is so sudden,' when you proposed to me after a three years' courtship?"

Gus: "If you don't give it to me at once I'll kiss you."

Madge: "And if I do give it to you will you let me alone?"

Gus: "Certainly."

Madge: "Well, you can't have it."

"Yes, we are going to be married."

"Have you proposed?"

"No, not yet."

"Then, how do you know she'll have you?"

"Why, she's been encouraging me to save money instead of buying flowers and theatre tickets."

SUCH GOOD FRIENDS.

JACK (meeting a friend who is walking rapidly along the street): "Hullo, Charlie! Why this terrible rush?"

Charlie: "I am walking fast to keep that fellow Staggs from catching me up. He's an awful bore."

Jack: (meeting Staggs, who is walking slowly): "Hullo, old fellow, why are you dawdling along in this way?"

Staggs: "To keep from catching up with Charlie Johnson. He's the worst bore I know."

"WHAT are you doing there, Jennie?" shouted her father.

"I'm just saying good-night to George."

"Well, as it takes you so long I will say it for you. Good-night, George."

George went so quickly that he forgot to reply.

A GENTLEMAN bought a new variety of potatoes, and told the gardener to be sure and plant them far enough apart.

"Well, Sam, did you plant the potatoes far apart, as I told you?"

Sam: "I did, sir. I planted some in your garden and some in mine, so they are four miles apart."

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

LITERARY LADY (writing): "The most essential point in our intercourse with children is to be truthful ourselves. Every other interest ought to be sacrificed to that of truth."

Tommy: "Mother, Mrs. Caller is coming in at the gate."

Literary Lady (angrily): "If she asks for me, tell her I'm out of town." (She resumes writing.) "When we in any way deceive a child, we not only set a pernicious example, but we are likely also to lose our influence over him for ever."

He: "Give me a kiss?"

She (decidedly): "I won't."

He: "You shouldn't say 'I won't' to me; you should have said 'I prefer not.'"

She: "But that wouldn't be true."

RESTAURANT DINER: "I say, waiter, where did you get this beef?"

Waiter: "I don't know, sir. What's the matter with it?"

Diner: "There's nothing the matter with it; that's why I asked."

REFRESHMENTS "FAKED" FOR HOLIDAY MAKERS.

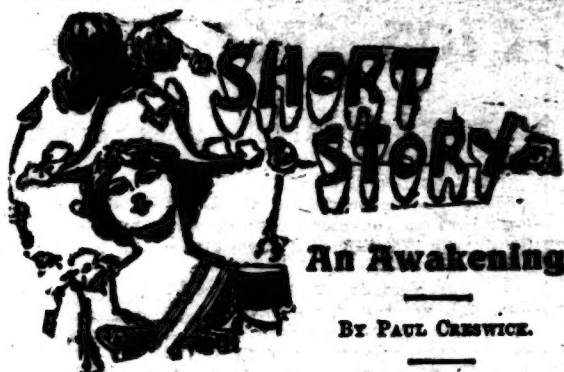
LITTLE do the thousands of trippers who seek watering-places and "show" spots within easy distance of great cities for the day during popular holidays know in what a way their food and drink are "faked" by thousands of so-called caterers.

All the publicans of a class—even the large ones keeping houses on the way from the railway stations—have their own special holiday beer, spirits, and so on, put on, and they keep all the vilest stuff that is spoilt or unsaleable at other times for these occasions, when they know that most of the customers are chance ones, not likely to come again in any event.

Travellers in the provision trade know this so well that they offer all their musty hams, suspicious tinned goods, and the like, as a "refreshment contract," or "holiday line," and all the vilest tea that comes out of cheap tea-warehouses is made up into a special line for the holiday season.

A coffee-house and sandwich-supply place proprietor at one of the best-known seaside resorts near London—a place patronised by thousands of humble trippers—unblushingly told the writer that all he bought for the vast Bank Holiday crowds was "job-lot" stuff, even down to the sugar and the coffee extract.

"I can sell any cag-mag on a big trip day," he said.



An Awakening.

BY PAUL CRESWICK.

CHASENEY had brooded all day upon the thing. It had fretted his soul beyond relief. Fears took him at times; but chiefly it was anger that stirred in his being.

That she should have thought it worth while to deceive him—that was the ever-recurring phrase in his trouble. It was surely so paltry, so unnecessary! It showed an ugly side of her that he could not bear to contemplate.

It was unnecessary. Chasenev knew that well enough. He would not have minded her flirtation with the boy in the least. He had no right to mind. "Do as you like about it," he would have told her—he could almost hear himself saying the words, just smilingly, banteringly perhaps.

There would have been an end of the matter, and Kitty could have completed her cheap conquest of the silly boy as she willed. It was no matter of Chasenev's. Of course, he would have been sorry, disappointed, a little hurt; but not more. Just disappointed—that was the right way of thinking of it.

So long as it was done openly. It was the secrecy of the matter, the treachery of it, that wounded him. Kitty was his friend; they had walked and talked together; he had always counted upon her sitting out dances with him whenever they had met in those small social functions which marked epochs in their suburban life.

Kitty had listened to his confidences—she had sympathized with him; once he had kissed her "good night." He remembered the incident, and felt the timid velvet of her lips against his once more.

"Fah!!" he said furiously, as he walked. "Never again. Never, never. Once fooled"—and he had been fooled too! He had believed in her.

Kitty had done her part of it well enough—Chasenev gave her great credit for that. He had not suspected them in the least. Eric had encompassed the sudden downfall; the secret had become too big for his holding. In a burst of youthful confidence he had laid the matter before Chasenev; had gone so far as to show—in his boyish conceit—her letters!

Chasenev had been thus first roused, then stunned. Had the boy been possessed of an ounce of perception he must have become aware of the fatal idiosyncrasy of his conduct. But no; Eric had stumbled on, giving away what he thought was his "whole soul" to the older man.

"I talk to her pretty plain, too, you know," Eric had said, in his magnificent youthfulness. "I let her see that I'm not easily had—people don't get over me with blarney! Kit just began by making me her confidant."

"And sitting out dances with you?" Chasenev had hazarded through set teeth.

"Yes—how did you know?"

"Oh, it always begins that way. I remember now to have noticed you—"

"Did you, though? I thought no one had spotted me—you're infernally sharp, Frank! Well, so it went on, you know; and when I met her on Sunday afternoon—"

"You met her on Sundays?"—incredulously.

"Two or three times; not often, I was generally otherwise engaged." Chasenev could have slain him easily here.

"She wrote to me about something—a book, I think. Oh, yes, about one of your books, old man. I got it for her, and that led to the Sundays—"

"And they led to other things?"

"Well, not exactly to an engagement, of course!" The boy laughed self-consciously. "You see, one can't get married on eighty pounds a year, even if one has any quantity of love!" he had rattled on. "Then he had paused, an old look coming into his face. "But Kit will wait for me, perhaps," he had ended seriously.

Chasenev, with growing irritation, had remarked the little touch of pathos in the boy's voice; had seen that the boy was really rather good-looking.

"And he's young," Chasenev now added savagely within himself, answering his thoughts again as he had them. "And I'm forty!"

One of his books—what an excuse! What a bait for a clumsy net! Eric admired him, copied him; Chasenev had remarked it in a pleased kind of way for months past. To Chasenev Kitty had been ever the eager, rapt listener; to Eric the charmingly weak creature who must have sympathy and help, and who is grateful—oh, so grateful!—for a little of either.

"Bah!" snapped Chasenev, striding along towards his house more fiercely than ever.

She had deceived him—basely, meanly. Had allowed him to kiss her on lips that others—

No, hang it! He couldn't, wouldn't believe that. By Jove, though—why not? Once these girls started the game they generally played it thoroughly. Memories floated upward in Chasenev's mind; all women had deceived him. Every single one.

"I'll never speak to her or think of her again," he resolved for the thousandth time since the morning. "She can have the boy; but she won't have me. No, indeed!"

"Won't she? Poor thing, what a lot she will lose!" Somebody was echoing him, laughing at him. Chasenev pulled himself together with a jerk and an apology. Kitty stood before him on the pathway, the gleams of the setting sun framing her pretty face.

"Day-dreams!" she asked, with her head on one side.

"No—yes. Nightmares. Kit, I wanted to see you—I wanted to ask you—"

He stammered and hesitated.

"Well?" she questioned, coming to his side. As he remained silent, she went on, cheerfully: "I have just been to your place. They're all out, and Martha is cooking your dinner. Is smelt so nice that I had a great mind to stop."

"Come back with me then," he said, earnestly. "I wish you would. Mother will be home by now."

"No, no; it was only my job. Good-bye; see you to-morrow."

"No, you won't; to-morrow will be Sunday. You have forgotten." He had to say it after all.

"Forgotten?" She peeped up at him, trying in the half light to read his face. She saw trouble in it, and became more guarded. "What do you mean, Frank? Are you cross with me?"

But the deferential, anxious manner was no longer a charm in her hands. Chasenev gloomed at her. "To-morrow will be Sunday," he repeated, with sinister meaning. Then, off-handedly—"Eric expects to see you."

She blushed red as the sun, then paled so that he thought she would faint. Words tumbled on her lips and died there. At last—

"Eric has been talking?" she questioned, indistinctly.

"He has"—grimly.

"I'll walk back with you, Frank, after all—if you don't mind. I want to have my scolding and get it over." Her voice was sweet and brave, and Chasenev raised at himself anew to find that it could so move him. He would fight the feeling down, though.

"Come on then," he answered dully. He added, with a shrug, "I'm not going to scold you, however."

"Yes, you are," she affirmed. "You're going to be ever so horrid and cross—just because I spoke to a little boy—"

Chasenev checked her with some attempt at dignity. "My dear Kit, and be quiet, please don't think of me like that. Your writing and walking and flirting with Master Eric is no concern of mine; and I wouldn't presume to criticize either of you. What I do feel in the matter is, that—that you should both of you think it worth while to deceive me."

She was silent so long that he had to continue the story.

"Eric is a friend of mine—he's a nice boy; and I have tried to be a real friend to him. He you also, Kit, if I may say so. You might know me better than to think I should be jealous. Of course there was no occasion to tell me; I'm not your Father Confessor; still, I do think you need not have deceived me. Surely there was no reason for any mystery?"

"I'm sorry," the girl began; then checked, and said no more.

"Won't you come in?" Chasenev repeated his invitation courteously. He was quite master of himself by now.

"I will. I—I can't be ridiculous out here, even though it is dark. I want to see Mrs. Chasenev."

She stumbled in her speech painfully; but Chasenev affected not to notice it. When they were inside the old-fashioned, sweet-smelling, softly-lighted room, alone, since his mother was not yet returned from her calls, the drama moved on again.

"What did he tell you?" she whispered tensely. "Let me know all that I have to face."

Chasenev, in his present critical mood, thought this rather theatrical, and stared gravely at her. He looked at the straight little nose, the quivering mouth, the half-defiant chin, the loose ends of soft brown hair about her wistful face, with something of disapproval.

"What made you do it?" he asked, frowning.

"I—I don't know. I don't really, Frank." Her voice shook a little, and she set down, uninvited. "I was frightened I'd lose you, and so did a silly thing. You can't think I meant anything with that boy?"

"I don't go into the question," he answered, not yet realising all that her attitude implied. "It's not my business. I can only trouble that you should have been understood about it. You and Eric can do as you please; I wouldn't presume to interfere. Only, of course,—he spoke here lately—the boy can't afford to make you presents; he only has a small salary."

"He doesn't make me presents. How dare he say so? As if I would allow it!" Then, feeling Chasenev's gaze fixed upon a little gold brooch fastening a ribbon at the about her throat, she blushed again more deeply than before. "It was a valentine," she murmured faintly; "given me ever so long ago!"

This engaged him afresh. So it had been going on since February! And he the only blind one!

"You have played your cards well!" he asserted. "Honestly, I never suspected either of you. Eric will become a politician in due season; he understands the art of dissimulation! He has learnt it in a good school."

She rose to her feet at this, and moved to the door without a word; but Chasenev felt shame for himself the moment he had spoken.

"I'm sorry—I don't mean that. You, by Jove, I do, though! We had better talk plainly, since it's for the last time. Good-bye."

The girl eyed a little at the door; but nerved herself to the effort. "Good-bye," she answered vaguely; and was already across the threshold. She paused there. "Let me tell Eric in my own way, please," she asked tremulously.

A saving impulse made her look at him out of her and grey eyes. A revelation of feeling swept through Chasenev.

"Oh, Kit, what made you do it?" he cried again.

"Because I was afraid."

"Of what?"

She gulped down a sob, but remained silent. Her eyes dropped before the same inquiry of him.

"I have lost you both," she muttered, at last. "Isn't that enough? Good-bye."

Instantly she said him.

"Yes, yes, but whatever made you? It's no longer probable."

Then she told him.

"Eric loves me—with all the love he has to spare."

"To spare?"

"Yes—who offers me more than that?" She came back into the room swiftly; the dragon roused in her, at length.

"What map over offers a woman more than that? We must take what we can; all that can be spared us—from business, from pleasure, from other women." Her voice rose. "Do you think we don't know, that we don't see? The game can

be played on both sides, can't it? But has been kind to me; he thinks he is in love."

Chasenev smiled sadly.

"Ah, if Eric had but your years—and you his heart!" she cried almost wildly. Shame caught her as she ended thus; and overwhelmed her. She dropped to the sofa suddenly and her hands went up to cover her burning face. She wept softly, wildly.

In a flash then he saw it all clearly. The clouds were lifted for him, and behind them were many things. Her day of teaching the children at the school-house—not a difficult day shot with petty annoyances, or arduous, or heart-breaking, not truly any of these, but only—dull.

Then home—to a barren house. To a stepmother, precise, icy, indifferent; to a father, nervous, full of his own cares and ill, dyspeptic.

Then to bed, in a room not even her own, shared with her half-sister, a fretful girl. There might be no treasures in such a room. Who could care to own a treasure that might not also be secrets?

Then day once more, and the school—and the humdrum round afresh.

Could he blame her that she should so heedlessly run out into the world at first hope of liberty? She had snatched at her pleasures, had magnified them because they were so few, had entered them as things precious out of all proportion to their worth, to be released at all hands.

So, because this boy loved her, she had thought fit to encourage him, despite his foolish ways and silly, boastful apings of manhood.

She had sought to hold also the more reserved affection that Chasenev had seemed to offer; had deceived both boy and man, who really offered her so little; that she might hold that little they seemed to be her due!

"If Eric had but your years, and you his heart," she had said! It was true; Chasenev could not deny it. He had simply taken one view of this matter—his own, a man's. He had not, until now, the ability to see above self.

He looked down upon her, wondering, chafed, but there was still a note of pained surprise in his voice.

"But you know I do love you, Kit," he began; then suddenly his tones altered, almost against his will.

He came down to his knees beside her, and tried to take away her fingers from her face. A great tear splashed against his cheek, as he kissed and kissed again the backs of her little, resolute hands.

"You know I love you, dear," he murmured appealingly. "Let me take care of you, give me the proper right to be jealous."

A great sigh shook her slender body; her fingers relaxed. Two gray, tear-dimmed eyes rested their gaze upon him for an instant searchingly. Then doubt showed in them cloudily. She shook her head.

"No!" she whispered obstinately. "No!"

Chasenev put both arms round her and drew her to him. His mouth sought hers and pressed a different answer upon it.

"Here is my mother's ring," he told her afterwards, releasing her that he might have his hands free to do his will. "Wear it, Kit, until I can get you one for yourself. We can make a start on what I have, if you are not also afraid of that."

Doubt died lingeringly in her eyes as they answered him with fresh tears. But these were gentle, the after-shower that betokened hope of fine weather near at hand.

QUITE EASY TO DO.

"I CAN'T get up early," said a wealthy gentleman to his doctor.

"Oh, yes, you can," was the reply, "if you will only follow my advice. What is your usual hour of rising?"

"Nine o'clock."

"Well, get up half an hour later every day, and in the course of a month you will find yourself up at four in the morning."

JACK: "Ned says he has a great many claims on his time."

TOM: "Yes; he bought that gold watch of his on the instalment plan."

"AUNTIE, do you always say 'excuse'?"

"Why do you ask, dear?"

"Oh, just because papa said you were one of those people who never say 'excuse'."

BARBARA: "I didn't know that you were near-sighted."

GRIGGS: "Near-sighted! Why, I walked right up to one of my creditors yesterday."

DR. BROOK: "I'm much worried about Mrs. Smith's case. Her melancholia is evidently incurable."

DR. JONES: "Have alarming symptoms developed?"

DR. BROOK: "Yes; her husband sent home yesterday an assortment of new hats for her to try on, and she refused to look at them."

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

HE (just refused): "Then life has no further charm; I shall kill myself."

SHE: "By poison?"

HE: "Probably."

SHE: "Well, you'll excuse my mentioning it, but my brother Jack has just opened a chemist's shop, and you may as well buy the poison off him. It would encourage poor Jack and prove your devotion to me."

POPULAR SERIES.

HOW TO BE HEALTHY



BY PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

By Eustace Miles, M.A.
Editor of the "Physical Educator."

NATIONAL EXERCISES.

8.—How to Improve the Up-Breathing.

THE last exercise had, among other objects, the improvement of the instep and leg and the remedying of obesity.

This is to remedy obesity too, or rather the appearance of it, by strengthening the muscles of the abdomen. It should help to keep the abdomen in, and the organs in better position.

Most of us, thanks to too much eating and drinking, too much sitting in wrong attitudes, too little training and remedial work, have some of our vital organs far too low.

We must raise them and hold them up, if we wish to be healthy.

Suppose your diaphragm, which is the floor of your lungs and heart and the ceiling of your stomach and liver, sags down too low, then it presses on your stomach and liver, and hinders them from doing their work properly.

They, in their turn, may press down on your colon, and so induce constipation.

Now it is right that the diaphragm should sometimes come down and press upon and massage the stomach and liver, but it is equally important that it should be held up at times, so that these organs may not be cramped.

It is unlikely that you can digest your food, and so on, if these organs are thus hampered.

The exercise will encourage you to hold your chin in, otherwise you cannot breathe so thoroughly.

It will develop your middle and upper, rather than your lower breathing; though it may also develop your lower breathing against resistance.

Men need this practice more than many badly-corseted women do, for these have their lower breathing neglected, their upper breathing over-developed.

An inducement to you to perform this exercise is that you help your hair to grow, and, by the second exercise, help to remove dandruff.

It may counteract baldness, in so far as baldness is due to a dry scalp, poor in blood and poor in oil. Of course the exercise is not a panacea for hairlessness. It may be a help; that is all.

The best time for it is when you have washed your head with pure soap and have dried it and have put a little oil or comparatively harmless hair-restorer upon it.

Paraffin or petroleum, ammonia, acetic acid, sea-water, potato-juice, all sorts of things are said to restore the hair of certain people; but they are more likely to restore it if they are accompanied by sensible rubbing.

As usual, keep one hand relaxed and limp at your side.

With the other rub your scalp, especially the top-part towards the back, with the tips of your fingers and thumb.

Keep your chin in.
Keep the expression of your face pleasant.
Before your fingers and thumb become tired, reverse the hands, and so on.

Gradually increase the time during which you continue the exercise from day to day.

After it, wash your hands, and comb and brush your hair.

In case of tendency to headache or depression, keep one hand relaxed as before, and use the other as follows:

Start with the finger-tips and the palm just above your eyebrows, and stroke softly upwards over the forehead and head, and down to where the collar is, or would be.

At the end of each stroke, which you should do with the two hands alternately, shake the hand you have been using, as if you were getting rid of what is unpleasant.

If this does nothing else, at least it will free the fingers, and improve their rapidity and the appearance of the wrist and arms.

A remedy for a headache in some cases is to walk backwards.

I have never yet seen an explanation of this, but may it not be that it makes what is just in front of you recede from your view?

An accompaniment of a headache often is a tense and a straining eye.

This exercise will help to do what Dr. George Wilson advises you to do—to unfocus and untense your eye,

and look at something further off, if possible the horizon.

This walking backwards will be a useful accomplishment anyhow; for instance when you are crossing a road or playing a game of Lawn Tennis, or Cricket, or Football, or Hockey.

It will come in in dancing, and on a number of other occasions.

When you can do it easily, then practice it up and down the inclined plank as well, as I suggested last week.

This exercise can be practised for various lengths of time, from a quarter of a minute up to ten minutes.

Still continue the previous seven exercises, I can perform them all once in less than three minutes.

HEALTH HINT FOR THE WEEK.

In the early morning, before you have your bath, and, if you like, for a minute or two afterwards, take off all your clothing, open the window top and bottom, let in as much air and light as you can, and enjoy an air-bath.

In case your window is overlooked, you can put a thin gauze curtain over it just for the time being, or an American mosquito-wire curtain.

During this air-bath, if you are at all cold, rub your skin, and pinch the skin all over the opposite side with each hand, using the thumb and first finger.

Be particularly vigorous in pinching your arms. This will free the muscles and improve the circulation.

Go through all the exercises now—but, in case you begin to feel chilly, or tired at once have your bath or put on some covering.

If you do not care for the full air-and-light bath, have a partial one at any rate—for the upper part of your body, and especially for your feet. Light is very important to the skin.

As a proof of this it is well known how the patients who were on the lighter side of a hospital at St. Petersburg were found by Sir James Wylie to be far healthier than the patients on the dark side. This was while the air of both sides was similar.

It must have been entirely a matter of light, and the curative effects of light are being realised to-day, not only by the Finns cures, but by other and far more widely reaching remedies.

RECIPE FOR THE WEEK.

PEOPLE constantly grumble at the absence of salads in this country.

Everywhere in France you can get salads; scarcely anywhere in Britain can you.

Now the salad is not nourishing, as a rule.

Salads with haricot or butter beans added would of course be nourishing; so would salads with cheese in them.

Others are very poor in body-building elements. But they are valuable as giving us not only pleasant refreshment, but also soft water in a pure form, with a certain number of cleansing and otherwise precious "salts."

Here is a good salad:
The heart of one lettuce, the tops of a bunch of watercresses, a small piece of cucumber, a small piece of boiled carrot, a small piece of beetroot, a small onion, a little parsley, two thin slices of tomato (do not use the outside pieces; use only the juicy insides, with as little skin as you can manage.)

Put the lettuce and cress into a salad-bowl and mix them with the parsley, which should be in very small pieces. Then cut up the carrot, onion, beetroot, and cucumber, and sprinkle them on the top.

Then dress the bowl with whole leaves of lettuce and cress; this will please the eye.

Next take your dressing and pour it on the top, but do not mix it with the other ingredients.

Keep your materials fresh. Do not prepare the salad till just before it is wanted.

A salad dressing may be made as follows:
Mix well together a tablespoonful of salad oil (get the very best), a dessertspoonful of tomato chutney, a dessertspoonful of O. K. sauce, the juice of a lemon, and a little pepper and salt, if you feel that you need them.

Remember that this salad will not build your body. For that you need proteid, which you can easily get, let us say from Cheddar cheese or nuts. It is not a bad plan to mill nuts and mix them with the salad. That makes the salad nourishing.

Eustace Miles.

The numbers containing the first seven exercises can be had from any newsagent for 7d., or they will be sent direct, post free, on receipt of 1ld. by the Publisher, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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is Offered

FOR ONE PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

We have decided to offer the sum of One Hundred guineas to the reader of *Pearson's Weekly* who submits, before the closing date, what is considered to be by the Adjudicating Committee the best physical exercise.

In our endeavour to secure the best possible physical exercises, we invite all practical and theoretical people (including the thousands of well-known experts and hundreds of thousands of learners of both sexes) to contribute the best exercise they can. If you have found that some exercise of your own invention, with or without appliances, has benefited you, then send in particulars of it.

No exercise should take longer than one minute to perform. It may be a series of movements, but must not take longer than one minute for one performance. Regard should be had to the fact that it must be made attractive for individuals to practise alone.

Our object is to find the very finest exercises that it is possible to secure. We have already published and shall publish during the next few weeks one exercise a week, showing the sort of thing we require. These, of course, will merely be samples. Your exercise will probably be better.

Each attempt should be written out on a sheet of foolscap paper, and, if possible, rough diagrams made. Pasted on every attempt must be the coupon below, giving the contributor's name and address.

You may send in as many attempts as you like, but each attempt must be accompanied by a separate coupon.

The decision will be made by a Committee of Experts, representing (a) the medical profession, (b) expert teachers and exponents (both ladies and gentlemen) of the best of the present systems, (c) experts of games and athletics. The decision of this Committee must be accepted as final and conclusive by all competitors.

In working for this prize, you are working for the national health and fitness. It is patriotic work that demands no sacrifice.

The judges will represent various points of view.

There will be the medical expert, the Army expert, the British system expert, the Ling expert, the games expert, and so on. Among those who have at present been invited to act on the Adjudicating Committee are the following:—

Representing the Medical Profession:

Sir Frederick Treves, Sir Lauder Brunton, Dr. Alexander Bryce, Dr. James Cantlie, Dr. F. W. Walsby, Dr. T. D. Savill

Representing Various Systems of Physical Culture:

Mrs. William Archer (Delsarte), Miss Hankinson (Ling), Mr. H. Elliott, Mr. E. H. Burdett (Army), Mr. W. Macdonald Smith (Full Contraction), Mr. T. Chesterton (British), Mr. Oberholzer (German), Mr. Roland F. Spencer ("Health and Strength" School).

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NOT SUFFICIENT EXCUSE.

MAGISTRATE (to an old offender): "Why did you scale the window of this building?"

Prisoner: "There was a paper pasted on the window which was broken, and I climbed up to read a story printed on it."

Magistrate: "Yes, but why did you break in the window?"

Prisoner: "To read the continuation on the inside, your worship."

"For my part, I don't think a man does himself any credit by marrying a woman for her money."

"No, he doesn't do himself any, but he can get all he wants of it after that, just the same."

"I don't believe in long engagements," said Miss Smatter.

"Neither do I," replied Miss Kittish. "Short engagements and plenty of them is my motto."

"WHAT is this leathery stuff?" the diner asked, when the second course of the dinner was served.

"That is a fillet of sole, sir," replied the waiter.

"Take it away," said the diner, after attacking it with his fork, "and see if you can't get me a nice tender piece of the upper, with the buttons removed."

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

Half-a-Crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

MUSHROOMS ON TREES.

Where are Mushrooms Grown on Trees? (7144.)

Mushrooms grown on trees form quite an important article of export from Japan to China. Shikoku Island, where much camphor is produced, is the chief home of this industry. The method employed is as follows: Oak trees about thirty years old are felled in the Autumn, and incisions are made with axes at intervals of three or four inches. The trees are then cut into logs, four or five feet long, and are left in dark, secluded parts of the forest.

After three years mushrooms make their appearance in the incised portions, and when the crop shows signs of growing thin, fresh logs are provided. These mushrooms will grow at every season of the year, but in Winter and Spring artificial stimulus is needed, which is supplied by steeping the logs in water and striking them with mallets or axes to prepare the beds, and facilitate the growth. The Autumn crop is the largest. The mushrooms after being collected are dried by the sun, or by artificial heat.

GUILDS OF THIEVES.

Where are there Guilds of Thieves? (7145.)

China is the country of Guilds, and the guild of thieves in any district might almost be described as a recognised body. It is treated with by all householders, until it has become a kind of insurance agency against theft. All gatekeepers and night-watchmen pay a small monthly fee to this guild in order that no thieving may take place on the premises over which they have control; then if anything does go, it will be due to a free lance, who would be promptly murdered if captured by the guild thieves themselves.

A recent writer on China states that a friend of his who employs many hundreds of coolies, pays a regular monthly salary to the head of the thieves in that district. The man comes to the office on pay-days like other employees to draw his wages. If, however, anything has been missed from the factory during the month, the value of it is deducted from his salary until the article is restored, which is invariably done within a short time, and in full.

YELLOW-BACKS.

What is the Origin of the "Yellow-back" Novel? (7146.)

When Mr. Edmund Evans, the well-known colour-printer of all the illustrations in picture books by Caldecott and Kate Greenaway, first started business, one of his earliest commissions was from Messrs. Ingram, Cooke & Co., in 1854. This was the printing in colours of an illustrated cover for "Letters Left at the Pastrycook's," by Horace Mayhew.

Illustrated covers were then unknown, and this book inaugurated the series of picture covers that have remained so popular till the present day. Mr. Evans began by printing in red and blue on a white paper, but finding that the white paper readily soiled, he substituted a yellow paper with an enamel surface, and novels so bound became at once popularly known as "yellow-backs."

So successful was the idea that publishers frequently commissioned Mr. Evans to provide yellow covers for "remainders," which they had in stock, and in this fresh clothing found a ready sale.

LOSSES BY HARD WATER.

Why does London Waste more Tea, Coffee, and Soap than Manchester or Glasgow? (7147.)

The more lime salts contained in water used for domestic purposes, the greater is the waste of all substances such as soap, tea and coffee, used with it. After the great drought of July, 1868, it was found that in every 100,000 pounds of water supplied to London there were from 194 to 27 pounds of lime salts, whilst the water supplied to Glasgow contained only one-third of a pound, and that to Manchester only one-tenth.

The loss in these commodities to the Metropolis is, therefore, immense, compared with that in the two other cities, as water which contains lime or magnesium salts curdles and decomposes soap, so that very much is simply wasted, and only the surplus effects any cleansing action, and is unsuited for making tea and coffee.

This hardness, however, can easily be removed, by boiling the water. The free carbonic gas goes off with the steam, and the carbonate of lime, being bereft of its solvent, is precipitated, and can be removed by filtration, or by allowing it to settle and decanting off the clear liquor; or by mixing with just enough milk of lime to convert the free carbonic acid gas into carbonate, both this and the original carbonate being precipitated, and discarded as before.

BLADES OF GRASS.

Why is Grass so Common? (7148.)

Grasses are widely diffused throughout the world in order to provide abundantly for the sustenance of a very large portion of the animal kingdom.

"Grasses," says Paley, "are Nature's care. Cattle feed upon their leaves, birds upon their smaller seeds, men upon the larger, for our bread-corn is a grass. They thrive under treatment by which other plants are destroyed. The more their leaves are consumed, the more their roots increase; the more they are trampled upon, the thicker they grow. Many that seem dead and dry renew their verdure in the Spring. On lofty mountains, where Summer heats are not sufficient to ripen the seeds, grasses abound, which are viviparous, and consequently able to propagate themselves without seed."

It is interesting to note in this connection that animals at liberty in their pasture to range and choose, attack the leaves, and leave unharmed the stalks which support the reproductive flowers.

DARK LIGHT.

Can Light be Added to Light to Produce Darkness? (7149.)

This is quite possible. The explanation is as follows: Every wave—as a wave of the sea—consists of two portions, in one of which the water is lifted above the general average level of the surrounding ocean, and, in the other, is depressed below it. These two portions form the "crest" and the "trough" of the wave respectively.

If two or more sets of waves are caused to traverse the same surface, as by dropping stones into still water, for instance, a complicated network of ripples is produced. At certain points the crest of one wave will coincide with the crest of another, and the two will combine to form one crest of double the height, the trough also being twice the depth.

At other points the crest of one wave will fall on the trough of another, and, as the same particles of water are called upon by equal forces to move in opposite directions at the same time, they will remain stationary, and the surface will not be disturbed at those points.

Similarly, as light consists of waves in the ether, it has been shown by Fresnel that if one ray be caused to fall half a wave length behind another, the troughs of one set of waves will combine with the crests of the other set to neutralise one another, so producing still ether, or dark patches, at those particular points, in the midst of the surrounding light.

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EARLY SHOEBLACKS.

How far back have we Record of Shoeblocks? (7152.)

About the year 1890 Mr. Charles Knight described "the last of the shoe-blacks," as "a short, large-headed son of Africa, rendered melancholy by impending bankruptcy, who might be seen plying his calling in a court on the north side of Fleet Street." He tells us further that he remembered them at the corner of every street, and that their favourite pitch was the steps of St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, until Day and Martin ruined their trade.

Instead of the square box with which we are familiar, they used a three-legged stool, and carried their implements in a large tin kettle. Their stock in trade consisted of an earthen pot filled with blacking, a knife, two or three brushes, a stick tipped with rag, and an old wig with which boots were first wiped or dusted.

Some dexterity was needed to avoid soiling the buckles or stockings, and some shoeblocks, as Johnson calls them, provided yesterday's paper, and a pair of old shoes for their patrons, while the foot grew "black that was with dirt embrowned."

The art, however, was much older than this, as Middleton (1611) speaks of shoes "stinking of blacking."

AN ANOMALOUS ANIMAL.

What Animal, having neither Limbs, Mouth, nor Stomach, yet Moves, Eats, and Digests its Food? (7153.)

The amoeba, probably the simplest form of animal life, has neither limbs, mouth, nor stomach. Its whole anatomy consists of a simple cell of the jelly-like material called protoplasm. It moves with a flowing motion, just as a drop of glycerine might slide on a slightly inclined plate.

It feeds by flowing over and ingulfing and minute animal or vegetable organism that may be in its path. When it has digested its food, it passes on, and leaves the residue behind.

The amoeba can be found on the surface of the mud at the bottom of almost any stagnant pool, and is hardly visible without a microscope. It reproduces its kind by simply dividing into two when it has reached a certain size. Occasionally two amoebae merge into one, which breaks up into many much smaller ones. In times of drought the amoeba incloses itself in a hard cyst, and waits until its home is wet again.

SNUFF AND ETIQUETTE.

Where is it Bad Form to Take Snuff Standing Up? (7157.)

In South Africa, amongst the Kaffirs, snuff-taking is universal, and it is a grave breach of manners to ask your host for a pinch when you are standing up.

The reason for this is found in the treacherous practices of former times. When one man wished to kill another a favourite device was to ask him for a pinch of snuff, and then, while the unsuspecting victim was fumbling for his snuff-box, the murderer had a splendid opportunity. As this trick for taking a man at a disadvantage became familiar, it naturally grew to be a point of good manners to make your request when squatting on the ground, when clearly you were intending no evil.

The Kaffir snuff is made from crude tobacco, grown at every kraal, which is powdered up and mixed with the ash of the aloes, carefully ground on a stone, and damped. It is always etiquette to ask for snuff, and the donor grants your request grudgingly, lest he should be suspected of pressing upon you bewitching medicine with it.

QUESTIONS.

- 7211. What causes earthquakes?
- 7212. What is camphor?
- 7213. Why do we blush?
- 7214. What was the origin of the phrase, "Spot and Span"?
- 7215. Why were "grammar schools" so-called?
- 7216. What is the oldest acrostic?
- 7217. What is the unit of horse-power?
- 7218. When did our soldiers first wear red coats?
- 7219. What is chalk?
- 7220. How old are trade marks?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of 2s. 6d. a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Replies should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

MINNIE: "Did he kiss you when he proposed?"
May: "Certainly; I wouldn't consider any but sealed proposals."

CALLER: "I am so sorry your mistress is out. Do you think she will be at home this evening?"
Maid: "She'll have to be; it's my night out."

AMY: "A man should always wait for a lady to sit down before seating himself."
Charley: "Unless there is only one chair in the room."

"No two men o'er think alike."
Remarked the winsome Carrie.
"Well, then, how is it," queried Jack,
"That widows oft remarry?"

"AUNT JANE, if you had your life to live over again what would you do?"
"I'd get married before I had sense enough to decide to be an old maid."

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How to Make an Egg Farm Pay



An Agreeable Way in which those who like the Country may Earn a Living.

THE poultry farm, depending chiefly, if not entirely, for its profit on the sale of eggs for commercial purposes, has hitherto failed to succeed, chiefly through ignorance.

Our poultry keepers did not know how to manage, profitably, large flocks of laying hens, the egg returns were wretched, and presently disease decimated the birds. The rational treatment of fowls is now better understood, and egg averages have improved.

There are two ways of starting an egg farm, which we will define as a holding, maintaining at least 1,000 laying hens.

Given the necessary capital and knowledge, a start can be made by hiring the necessary land, building the houses and runs upon it, and buying the fowls. Or the stock can be gradually built up from small beginnings.

It has always been assumed hitherto, in discussing egg farming, that the fowls must have grass runs, and should not be kept more than one hundred to the acre. An alternative plan has recently been suggested: to keep the fowls on an earth run half the year and then transfer them to another run, and cultivate the ground they have vacated as a vegetable garden; by this means 1,000 hens can be kept on two and a half acres.

THE CAPITAL REQUIRED.

Double sleeping houses with day shelters or scratching sheds, as the Americans call them, attached, are built, and the runs are situated front and back, these latter are 45ft. by 18ft., and are wired in. The houses are 5ft. by 6ft., and the shelters 6ft. by 8ft.; each house is to hold fifteen fowls. Forty of these double houses and double runs will hold 1,200 hens, half the runs being always under cultivation. The cost of erecting the runs and buying the houses is set down at £300.

This plan has some advantage over the grass run system, which, briefly, is to divide an acre of land into eight runs by means of wire netting, to place a house shelter to carry twenty-five hens, in four of the runs, and let the grass grow in the vacant runs.

The birds are run for six months in one run, then transferred to another; the grass being cut twice a year, both in the occupied and in the unoccupied runs; or the vacant runs grazed by sheep. The cost of dividing the ten acres into eight wire runs, and building the forty houses and runs, we may set down at £400.

THE BEST FOWLS TO KEEP.

We may here remind readers that buying 1,000 hens and pullets will mean an expenditure of about £200. There is more capital needed for a start than some would think, and many of us would have to be content to commence in a more humble way.

The breeds to keep would be Silver and White Wyandottes, Black and Buff Orpingtons, Minorcas, and Langshans—if a good laying strain can be secured. But rather more than half the stock may consist of first crosses, such as Houdan-Langshans, Leghorn-Plymouth Rocks, and Minorca-Wyandottes.

Autumn is the most suitable time to start, as Spring-hatched pullets will have just reached maturity, and one year old hens be over the moult. Half the stock should consist of birds of the previous year, and half early-hatched pullets. If nothing but pullets are purchased the eggs will lack size.

The whole undertaking stands or falls by the egg returns. The production of the latter should reach 150,000 yearly—that is to say, 150 each hen. Within the last five or six years, egg averages have greatly improved, owing to careful selection and setting the eggs from the best layers only.

THE ANNUAL COST OF FOOD.

Records of 150 eggs each from small flocks of fowls on big egg farms in the United States are fairly common, and are becoming so in this country. By buying the stock from breeders with a reputation for selling good laying strains, we can, provided the management is not at fault, count on this number without undue optimism.

Generous feeding will be necessary, and during the autumn and winter, meat, both in the form of boiled horseflesh, or butchers' scraps, and also green bones—that is, raw bones cut into shreds by means of a bone-cutting machine—will have to be given.

Food should be bought by the half ton, and stored in caeks or bins. The grains to give are oats, barley, maize, and wheat, and ground oats, barley meal, pollard, and biscuit meal, by way of soft food. We can set down the cost of feeding at six shillings per hen per annum. This will include grit.

Green food will have to be given each day if the earth, and not the grass runs, are used.

In the latter case, a fair amount of hay will

be secured, in the former the garden plots ought, besides providing green food for the fowls, to bring in some profit. The poultry manure also, taken from the houses, should fetch a shilling a bird, but to be on the safe side, we will say sixpence.

But the chief return will, of course, be the eggs. To reckon this at twelve shillings a bird is a fair estimate, just double the cost of food. But the remainder is not all profit. For rent, labour, upkeep of houses and runs, depreciation of stock, and sundry unforeseen regrettable occurrences, we will allow £150, or three shillings a bird. There remains a profit of £150 a year.

This is not magnificent, one must allow, but there are ways of increasing and supplementing it. The market garden side of the undertaking might be developed, and by planting fruit trees and currant bushes the profits can frequently be considerably increased. The land treated as recommended will carry the fowls for an indefinite period.

MOVE WITH THE TIMES.

Bees and rabbits might also be kept, while a very profitable business in selling sittings of eggs and stock fowls might easily be worked up.

A certain amount of hatching and rearing must be done, as 500 pullets must be produced yearly to take the place of the hens whose useful life has ended.

If the poultry keeper can make £150 a year out of 1,000 laying hens, selling the eggs commercially, he will find no difficulty in adding to his income, substantially, by one or more of the ways indicated above.

The farm, to succeed, must be thoroughly up-to-date. All the errors of earlier attempts, the badly designed houses, the inadequate dry shelters, the unsuitable feeding, and, above all, the overcrowding, which so often led to disease, must be avoided.

There must be no disease, no neglect, each day's work done systematically.

Under such conditions the egg farm, which has already proved its value as a money-making concern in the United States—where the extremes of climate are greater than our own—will succeed equally here.

HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT.

Oh, dear little daisy, come whisper me softly
And tell me a secret I'm longing to know;
His name will lie in your golden heart ever;
Oh, say, does he love me? and whisper it low.

Faint heart, you are throbbing, and cheeks, you are
paling—
One after another the white petals fall—
Oh, birds, cease your singing, and sun, hide your
shining,
For the daisy has said that he loves not at all.

Tears do not fall; there is somebody coming,
Somebody's footstep is here at my side;
Somebody holds me quite close to his bosom,
And whispers: "My darling, the daisy has lied."

QUALIFIED FOR THE POSITION.

"WELL," said the artist, sharply, to the tramp who had entered, "what do you want here? Hurry with what you have to say."

"Sir," replied the tramp, with inborn dignity, "I did not come here to be insulted. I merely thought to step in and inquire if you had any model for the statue of Industry you have on hand. If not, I desire to apply for the position."

For: "Did he weally say I had more money than brains? How ridiculous!"
His Friend: "Why so? Didn't you borrow half a sovereign from him to-day?"

SEN: "It wasn't a year before we were married that you told me you never could be happy without me."
He: "Yes, and I believe I also said that marriage would make another man of me."

BANK CASHIER: "What is your name?"
Indignant Presenter of Cheque: "Don't you see my signature?"
Cashier: "Yes, that's what aroused my curiosity!"

A Knowledge of One's Character

is of great importance nowadays. It enables one to know so many things of which one would otherwise be ignorant. For example, a boy who is starting out into the world will find it an advantage to know in which direction he can best employ his abilities. Valuable knowledge of this and a similar sort can be had if the person who desires it sends a specimen of his handwriting, together with six penny stamps and a stamped, addressed envelope, to BAKER, 22 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. In return a reliable delineation of the person's character will be sent, and from this it is possible to obtain the desired information.

SHOULD GROWN-UPS PLAY KISSING GAMES?

What is Your Opinion?

A PROMINENT clergyman has recently denounced those games entered into by young people of marriageable age merely for the opportunities they provide of indulging in the fascinating embrace.

Having occasion to visit the Sunday-schools in different parts of the country, the reverend gentleman was horrified to find that, in the north of England particularly, at chapel social gatherings and school entertainments "Kiss in the ring" and similar games were very popular. As a clergyman, he denounced them as a growing evil.

The custom of kissing is so old that its origin is unknown, but its fascination and wonderful powers have been extolled from the earliest periods of the world's history.

Despite this, kissing has its enemies. Frequently a staid, old gentleman, to whose dry and cracked lips kissing has no fascination, will bestir himself in his obscurity and declare in the newspapers that the career of Cupid is a barbarous and pernicious practice.

If he be a physician, if he has earned a livelihood and perhaps a fortune in the curing of the body's ailments, he will say that kissing is the most virulent method by which disease is transmitted.

If he be a clergyman, with the cure of souls on his conscience, he will publicly declare kissing to be a sinful and unchristian practice.

While a few medical men decry kissing, others extol it. Dr. A. E. Bridger not very long back gravely asserted in the columns of the BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL that kissing was a cure for dyspepsia, that "in the act of kissing we encounter only beneficent organisms, which provide us with microbes useful for digestion."

Clergymen, too, broad-minded men with a knowledge of the world, champion its cause, seeing more evil done in secret and by stealthy ways than by the participation of young fellows and girls, before all eyes, in the playing of kissing games.

As in many other public questions, the matter rests with the individual. If he consider kissing games harmful let him avoid them, but if he enter them without any ignoble idea in mind and merely for healthy recreation and enjoyment, it is the writer's opinion that such games are perfectly harmless.

Naturally, a clergyman considers the question from a spiritual point of view. No doubt he regrets the universal love of young people for pleasure, and would have them spend their spare time in sedate walks or in performing acts of charity and kindness.

Such a mode of life is utterly impossible. It may have been all very well in the Puritan days, but the world was very different then.

To-day, however, with its rush and pressure of toil, when long hours and little pay are the rule rather than the exception, a Puritan kind of life is impossible.

Recreation for jaded bodies and jaded nerves after the day's toil is finished is imperative; without a goodly amount of it health cannot be maintained. And as regards occasional indulgence in kissing games, could the time be spent better than in the fresh, pure air of a country field or other open space?

The gentle exercise, the exhilaration of the game, the pleasure obtained by young fellows and girls in each other's society does a world of good in bracing up tired bodies and in reviving drooping spirits.

There is another strong argument in favour of kissing games, dancing, and other amusements in which the sexes must necessarily mingle. It is the mission of girls to marry and men to marry them. Clergymen cannot deny this.

By participation in these enjoyments a girl meets a large number of young men, and vice versa. She learns to discriminate between them, to understand them, and how to please them. Friendships spring up, courtship and marriage invariably follow.

The girl who shuns the society of men, spending a weary existence with an everlasting soured expression, cannot expect to be wooed and wedded. Naturally, if she comes into contact with young men of her own age and station, she will make herself attractive, both in dress and manners, as much for her own pleasure as for others. Such amusements are therefore a necessary part of her life. Her own commonsense should guide her as to her behaviour in all things—whether work or pleasure.

The girl who takes part in a kissing game does so expecting to be kissed. If she objects to being embraced by any young fellow of the company she should abstain from joining it. The mere act of kissing itself is harmless. In a game it is done before all eyes, and each girl or young man does not know but what her or his turn may not come next.

Kissing among young fellows and girls who have met together promiscuously is no more harmful than kissing between lovers. And in answer to the original question as to whether grown-ups should play kissing games, it is the writer's opinion that it is a matter for the individual's conscience. Faithfully follow that and no harm can happen.

PICKED PARS

Poetry on the Head.

Evanton, Chicago, has a poet who has had his head shaved clean for the purpose of tattooing some of his poetry thereon.

Kaffirs Must Ride Yellow Bicycles.

Kaffirs have been suspected of so many cycle thefts in South Africa that the machines they ride must now be painted yellow.

Spanish Trains.

Trains in Spain are certainly slow. A rate of ten or twelve miles an hour is considered a good average of speed for every-day travellers.

Crackers as Fire Alarms.

In Baltimore, Maryland, where the recent great fire occurred, giant fire crackers are now placed in buildings and used for giving fire alarms.

Chapel Made from One Tree.

It is proudly announced that there is a Baptist chapel in Colorado made entirely out of the planks cut from the stem of one gigantic Sequoia tree.

Emigrating to Ireland.

A well-known New Zealand settler left the Colony in July with his family for Ireland, where he says he can get land cheaper and make more money.

Flats More Popular than Houses.

So rapidly is the flat system growing in New York that last year only fifty-six dwelling-houses for the occupancy of single families were built.

No Trains Allowed.

Ladies are forbidden to wear trains to their dresses in the streets by a new by-law passed by the municipality of Bodenbach, in Austria, under penalty of a maximum fine of 4s. 2d.

Defeated Candidate's Revenge.

To avenge his defeat in the municipal elections for the provincial council at Tra los Montes, the Marquis de Xanos cornered the entire stock of the butchers and poultrymen of the town. The inhabitants had to subsist without meat for a week.

Honest Brixton.

The Brixton Free Library lends on the average about 1,000 books a day throughout the year. At the annual stocktaking, just concluded, it was found that only three books could not be accounted for after the year's borrowing, and it is expected that two of these three books may be traced.

Husband Besieges Wife.

A curious contest is in progress between Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, of Aurora, Illinois, for the possession of their house. Mrs. Chapman, with the aid of a large body of detectives, and provisions for a thirty days' siege, is prepared to resist to the utmost the expected onslaught of her husband and his attacking force of detectives.

Windmills Make Electricity.

In Germany electricity, among other curious results, has rehabilitated the discarded windmill. At Neresheim a windmill supplies power for thirty-six incandescent lamps that light a large paint factory. Another in Schleswig-Holstein keeps a steady current of thirty volts. At Dusseldorf a windmill winds up a heavy weight, of which the descent works a powerful dynamo.

The Three Japanese Symbols.

The three symbols of the Imperial house of Japan are the mirror, the crystal, and the sword, and they are carried in front of the Emperor on all State occasions. Each has its significance. "Look at the mirror and reflect thyself," or, in other words, "Know thyself," is the message of the mirror. "Be pure and shine" is the crystal's injunction; while the sword is a reminder to "Be sharp."

Railway Red Tapeism.

A Naval officer arrived at a London terminus and deposited all his luggage, to the number of eleven packages, in the cloakroom, being uncertain whether or not he would be able to continue his journey beyond London the same day. On finding that he had to stop the night in town, he went to the cloakroom for one bag containing his kit for the night. He then found that, in order to obtain the one article, he must withdraw the other ten and re-book and pay for them again.

Peculiar Uses for Postage-Stamp.

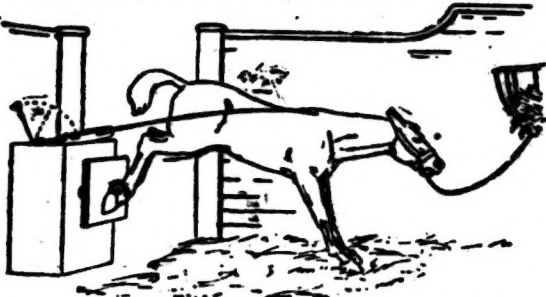
The monks at the Hospital of St. Jean de Dien, at Ghent, have in their leisure moments decorated the walls with gorgeous landscapes, glowing with colour and full of life, formed entirely by means of the postage-stamps of all the nations of the world. Palaces, forests, streams, and mountains are represented, butterflies flit about in the air, birds of beautiful plumage perch on branches, snakes and lizards glide about, and innumerable animals find places here and there. The pictures are most artistic, in the style of Chinese landscape gardening, and already between nine and ten millions of stamps have been used.

Lost—An Engine.

The London and South-Western Railway Company have lost a locomotive. Engine-sheds are being searched, and every mile of the line examined from London to Cornwall, but no trace of the missing engine can be found. One possible explanation is that the engine may have been shunted on to some branch line in Cornwall or Devon and its existence forgotten. Another theory is that a new number may have been given to it, and the old number still retained on the company's books. At any rate, a locomotive is not easily overlooked, on account of its size, and is too immobile to go easily astray on its own account. It does not appear ever to have happened before, although carriages and wagons are frequently lost.

A CHECK TO KICKING HORSES.

THERE is nothing more unpleasant in a stable than a kicking horse. A number of serious accidents have occurred through refractory animals lashing out with their hind legs, and the apparatus shown below has been devised in order to act as a check upon horses that have kicking propensities. A strong rod of whalebone, mounted on a stand, is held back by a catch. Attached to this is a board placed immediately behind the equine's



hoofs. When the horse kicks the board, the catch is released and the rod descends with unwelcome force upon the animal's back. As often as he kicks, so often does he receive punishment. At the same time a bell rings to give notice to the stableman. It does not take long to cure a horse of the kicking habit if he knows he'll get a sharp cut with a whalebone rod each time he gives way to it.

SOME FOREIGN READERS.

THAT P.W. is popular in other countries besides the United Kingdom and its Colonies is shown by the accompanying sketch made from a snapshot photograph taken by a traveller. It represents two Moors who get their living by acting as guides and porters in Cairo. Our contributor took this snapshot on the day the mails arrived with the English papers. Though these Moors are comparatively uneducated men, they are well versed in several of the languages most often spoken by travellers such as English, French, and German. The man in the foreground certainly appears as though he were thoroughly interested in his copy of P.W. and could read the contents without any difficulty.



TREE SURGERY.

THE wonderful vitality of the vegetable world is well-known. In the accompanying illustration is shown a method whereby broken tree limbs are re-set just like human ones. The tree depicted has had its branch nearly severed from the trunk by the wind, and is undergoing a surgical operation to make it strong again. The cross shows where the fracture was. The broken limb



is first propped up with sticks, the injured part is then put into splints, and melted paraffin wax is poured over the wound. This keeps in the sap and prevents rain and insects from hindering the "cure." In a comparatively short time the branch sets as strongly as ever, and the tree becomes as healthy as if nothing had ever happened to it.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original paragraph used in this column. Address your envelopes to "The Page Six Editor."

Pearson's Weekly,
Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

RED SPECS. FOR THE SEA SICK.

Novel Cures for this Distressing Malady.

THE exact cause of the distressing effects which a sea voyage has upon most individuals is still a matter of some mystery to the medical world, but it is generally agreed that it is purely a disorder of the nervous system.

Some persons find that, so long as they maintain a recumbent position with their eyes closed, they remain perfectly well; others begin to suffer as soon as they get on board a ship.

The fact that last year two English holiday-makers actually died of sea-sickness proves that it is not a complaint to be trifled with, and it may be worth while to give the experiences of some sufferers who have found remedies.

M. des Planches, the Italian Ambassador to the United States, discovered that, so long as he looked at his own reflection in a mirror, he felt quite well. He, therefore, hung a looking-glass over his bunk and began a very rough voyage by lying on his back and keeping his eyes fixed upon the mirror. The longer he looked the better he became, until the sea-sickness vanished completely.

The explanation offered is that, by resting the eye upon an unchanging surface, the sense of motion becomes less, and the brain is gradually soothed until the victim's equilibrium is thoroughly restored.

Somewhat similar in theory is the cure put forward recently in a German medical paper. The idea of the writer was that sea-sickness was induced by lack of blood supply to the brain. He, therefore, tried the experiment of taking a dose of calomel, and then donning a pair of red spectacles.

The result, he argues, is to send the blood with a rush to the brain. At any rate, the cure proved radical in his own case.

The only objection to this remedy is that red is a bad colour for the eyes, and long continued wearing of red glasses might induce injury to the sight.

Petroleum would be accounted a very unpleasant medicine by most people, but in the form of powders it is not especially nauseous.

A correspondent of a British medical paper declares that he completely cured himself of sea-sickness by taking three or four two-grain powders of triturated petroleum at short intervals. Taken in time, he adds, petroleum is not only a cure but a certain preventive of sea-sickness.

A paper was started in France a year or two ago, the avowed objects of which is to deal with and find remedies for what the French term *mal-de-mer*. It is a writer in this journal, a well-known French doctor, who asserts that the best possible cure is pure oxygen gas.

The sufferer should inhale from thirty to forty pints of the gas, which may be obtained, compressed in cylinders, from any good optician.

The doctor's argument is this, that the treatment relieves the strain upon the breathing mechanism, a highly oxygenated atmosphere permitting the breathing functions to be performed by a less complete action of the lungs.

It is quite certain that oxygen inhalation has given great relief in many cases, and as it is by no means unpleasant and leaves no evil effects, the experiment is certainly worth trying.

Certain precautions, which can be easily adopted by all who intend travelling by sea, will invariably mitigate the violence of the paroxysms even though not effecting complete cure.

In the first place a saline purgative should be taken a day or two before starting. Then the traveller should provide himself with a good flannel roller bandage, twelve feet long and six inches wide, and this should, on starting, be firmly wrapped round the trunk over the whole region of the stomach.

By further adopting the precautions of lying down at first starting, of avoiding oily odours, and the company of those who are seasick, it is wonderful how greatly the horrors of the marine malady may be mitigated.

Often, even when not actually sick, intense headache makes life a misery for the first portion of a sea voyage. A few turns of a surgical bandage round the head will do wonders in allaying this symptom.

A number of patent medicines are sold which profess to give immunity from sea-sickness, and without doubt some of these remedies do good in individual cases. But it will be found that on the whole the commonsense methods of treatment are the best.

It is always well to diet carefully for a few days before starting on a voyage, and to remain on deck and in the fresh air as much as possible during the first day or two.

Aerated waters of all descriptions are most valuable, and many people find that aromatic drinks, such as ginger beer, give great relief. In cases of severe prostration, champagne is a most valuable medicine, and for the terrible thirst which is such a distressing symptom of the malady, a piece of lemon should be sucked.



Greece Made a Big Profit from Selling Brooches.

GERMANY has on two occasions found herself in financial difficulties, and in order to stave off disaster she conceived two extraordinary methods of scraping money together.

It was not so very long ago when the Government scattered broadcast over the Fatherland an official circular which commenced in this fashion:

"In the interests of public health the Government have deemed it advisable to institute a body of official scrubbers and cleaners whose duty it will be to inspect and thoroughly overhaul and cleanse the people's houses."

Curiously enough these State charwomen only found their way to the houses of people whose income was over a certain sum, and the residences in the lower parts of the cities were overlooked altogether, owing to the fact that the people who lived in them were too poor to pay the price fixed by the Government for the luxury of having their floors scrubbed.

The official dirt-removers had a busy time of it nevertheless, and the State reaped a profit of a little over £350,000 from the cleaning.

GERMANY USED TO SELL TOOTH-POWDER.

At one time the only tooth-powder sold in the German shops was made by the Government in their own factories, and they charged a pretty stiff price for it too.

The determination of the State to supply the people with this commodity was owing to the fact that the country had got pinched for money.

The demand for the tooth-powder was not so great as the Government expected, however, and the experiment to raise money by this method practically proved a failure. The majority of the people refused to pay the price asked for the tooth-powder.

Greece was in a terribly bad way in 1898, and the men who had the welfare of the country in their hands, or at their hearts, were at a loss to know how they were going to keep the wolf from the door.

They made a wild but futile attempt to pull themselves through that disastrous financial year by enforcing every smoker to take out a license, costing between nine and ten shillings. The people didn't take kindly to this tax on their pipes and they marched out into the streets in bodies and created a riot.

AUSTRIA SWEEPS CHIMNEYS.

Thereupon Greece dropped the tax, and conceived another notion for money-making. She manufactured hundreds of thousands of tiny bronze brooches in the shape of a swallow flying—the national emblem—and issued an order that it was necessary for every native to wear one on his or her person.

She only charged a few pence for this little decoration, but so many were purchased that the nation netted more than enough money to keep its head above water.

Only one country so far has instituted a body of Government chimney-sweeps, and that country is Austria. Times were bad when she made this venture and finding it lucrative she kept it up.

"All chimneys must be swept once a month, for fear of fires, by the Government sweeps," ran the official order, "and any citizen refusing or neglecting to have this duty performed will be fined £10."

The Austrian people had no desire to find themselves ordered to pay this big fine, and allowed the State sweeps to cart off their soot regularly once a month at one shilling and tenpence a chimney. As can be imagined, the Government did themselves a very good turn when they took up the profession of chimney-sweeping.

DONCASTER MAKES MONEY BY HORSE-RACING.

The Emperor of Austria took it into his head one day to build a number of Government baths and wash-houses, and ordered his subjects to come and wash themselves and pay for the privilege of doing so.

He thought that this would be a nice way of covering any deficit there might be in the Budget at some time or other. With her chimney-sweeps and baths Austria has warded off more than one financial crisis.

Italy raises the wind by charging an extra fee of tenpence on every telegram dispatched to a foreign clime. She nets something like £50,000 every year in this way.

Towns turn honest pennies in a variety of ways. They own tramways, hotels, racecourses, theatres, markets and farms, to say nothing of gas, water, and electricity supply works.

Doncaster racecourse, for instance, belongs to the municipal body, and it brings in an income of close upon £10,000 a year, all of which goes to relieve the pockets of the ratepayers. The racecourse has never been in private hands, for the town authorities have

managed it for nearly four centuries. Chester, Lincoln, and Ayr relieve the rates by running similar concerns.

Plymouth avoids bad times by being the proprietor of the Theatre Royal. This playhouse has belonged to the town ever since 1811, and benefits the ratepayers to the extent of £1,500 a year.

Newcastle, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Hanley manage popular concerts. The Liverpool town entertainments surpass all the other towns in point of attendance, the St. George's Hall being filled to overcrowding every time a concert is held.

Liverpool also possesses a fine picture gallery which brings in about £3,000 annually, and various plots of land from which it draws rents amounting to a large sum.

Norwich and Conway make a substantial profit out of their castles. Norwich has turned hers into a picture gallery and museum and takes about £300 a year in entrance fees. Bristol conducts a school of cookery, while Nottingham owns a university, the only municipality in Britain that owns such an institution.

Boston, in Lincolnshire, and Devizes hold markets, while Bodmin makes money by conducting an auction of its street refuse.

PWLLHeli TAKES IN LODGERS.

Southend and Birkenhead are pier proprietors, the latter town also makes £12,000 a year out of its ferries.

The ferry between Birkenhead and Liverpool used to belong to the Birkenhead Monks, who possessed one or two old vessels. Since it came into the town council's hands ten fine steamers have been sailing across the Mersey.

Perhaps the most curious of all municipal departures is that made by Pwllheli, on the shores of Cardigan Bay. The council, in order to make the place more attractive as a holiday resort, has started a tourist agency of its own. Pwllheli provides a week's board and lodging for two guineas, which includes one hundred miles of coaching trips in Wales.

Macclesfield and Halifax keep the wolf a safe distance from the door with their quarries. The former town owns two, and the latter one. Scarborough hauls in a sum of £2,000 a year by charging a toll over the Valley Bridge.

Bath, Harrogate, and Leamington are fortunate inasmuch as their famous pump rooms and spas bring in a large sum yearly which is devoted to town purposes.

Southport has invested a lot of capital in marine lakes, while Manchester makes money by selling oil, soap, tallow, and manure which it prepares from street refuse.

FRANK CRITICISM.

ARTIST: "There, sir, is my latest picture."
Ingenuous Friend: "Well, you haven't economised paint on it, have you? What title have you given to it?"

Artist: "What do I call it? Why, sir, that is an autumn sunset."

Ingenuous Friend: "You don't say so! Well, I don't blame the sun at all for setting."

"Your guest didn't stay long?"

"No; you see, she begged me to treat her like one of the family. I did, and now she's gone."

SEN: "Who rocks the cradle rules the world. Remember that!"

He: "Then—ah!—you come in and rule the world. I'm tired."

COULDN'T COME TO TERMS.

A FARMER entered a general dealer's shop in the country and asked the manager if he wanted any fresh eggs.

Manager: "Yes, but the committee met this week and decided to get them at fourteen for a shilling instead of twelve."

Farmer (next morning): "Our hens had a committee meeting last night, and decided that they weren't going to lay their eggs at that price!"

WHETHER the hair is auburn or just red depends largely on whether you are talking to her or about her.

"I WONDER why the epitaphs of the great are always set forth in Latin?"

"Oh, I suppose it's because that's the dead language, you know."

NOT ALWAYS CONCEIT.

DRIBBLER: "In my opinion, a man who writes an illegible hand does it because he thinks people are willing to puzzle over it. In other words, he's a mass of conceit."

Scribbler: "Not always. Sometimes a man writes illegibly not because he is conceited, but because he is modest."

"Modest? What about?"

"About his spelling."

WHY SHOULD YOU HAVE A MOTOR-BICYCLE?

NEW CONTEST STARTS TO-DAY.

Motor-Cycles worth £50 each for Winners.

In order to be in the running for a motor-bicycle all you have to do is to get the form printed below properly filled in, and keep it by you until we tell you to send it in. Another coupon, will appear next week.

You will see by reference to the form that you are asked to fill in your name as one who wants a motor-bicycle, and you must ask four of your friends (not members of your household), who, at the present time, are not regular readers of *Pearson's Weekly*, to think of the best reasons they can why you should have a motor-bicycle.

These reasons they must express in not more than twenty words, must fill in on your form, and must add their names and addresses.

The four coupons may all be taken either from this week's issue or from both this and next week's issues.

The sender of what is in the opinion of the Editor the best set of four reasons will win a motor-bicycle, and each of the four persons who signs the coupons which have entitled the winner to a motor-bicycle will be presented with a £15 15s. Humber bicycle.

We do not wish to preclude our lady readers from entering this competition, and, therefore, should a lady win the first prize she can still have the motor-bicycle to present to one of her male friends, or she can choose a lady's safety bicycle for herself.

Any competitor can send as many sets of coupons as he pleases, but each set must be posted in a separate envelope. A form similar to the one printed herewith will appear in *Pearson's Weekly* next week, and you should at once go round amongst your friends who do not take *Pearson's Weekly*, and invite them to assist you in winning such a magnificent prize.

The Editor's decision is final and conclusive, and competitors may enter only on that understanding.

The motor-bicycles are supplied by the famous firm of Humber and Co., which is a guarantee of their excellence.

NOTICE TO WITNESS.

If the Competitor who asks you to sign this Coupon wins a Motor-Bicycle, we will present you with a splendid Fifteen-Guinea Bicycle free of cost.

(1. 8/9/04.)

I, ...

(Insert name and address of competitor) of.....

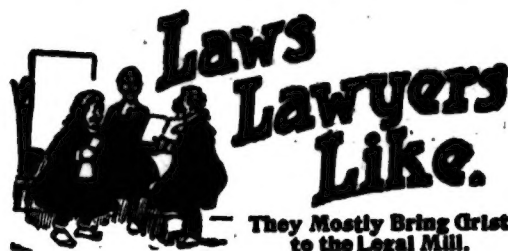
am anxious to possess a Motor-Bicycle, and I have therefore asked the person whose name and address appear on this form, to tell the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY why he thinks I should win the prize.

I, ...

(Insert name and address of witness) of.....

think Mr. should have a Motor-Bicycle because:

and I hereby declare that I have not, up to the present, been a regular reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY (but we hope you will be in future.—Ed. P.W.).



They Mostly Bring Grist
to the Legal Mill.

37 & 38 Vict., c. 68 is Most Popular with the
Profession.

While the Laws of Exemption are much Appreciated.

THERE can be no doubt as to the law which stands first in the estimation of most solicitors. It is that known to the profession as "37 & 38 Vict., c. 68." This Act of Parliament says that any person falsely professing to be a duly qualified solicitor shall be liable to a penalty of £10.

The solicitors' trade union is the strongest in the world. It not only regulates the conduct of its own members, but is empowered by law to prevent anyone else from working as the lawyers' profession.

Nor do the solicitors lightly exercise their powers under their favourite Act. Only the other day a Brentford man named Todd wrote to two debtors saying, "Your account has been placed before me." The Incorporated Law Society, who prosecuted, claimed that these words implied that he was a solicitor, and Todd was accordingly fined £10 and costs on each of the two charges.

Strange to say, the Act of Parliament in question does not prohibit lay persons from making other people's wills.

That the lawyers do not wish to prohibit them may have some connection with this omission.

HOME-MADE WILLS ARE POPULAR.

Badly made wills are among the profession's most lucrative sources of income, and as most wills not made by a lawyer are badly made, it follows that the profession in the long run gain much more than they lose.

Lawyers like laws which make them more certain of their "costs," as they call their charges for work done. They are much better off now in this respect than ever they were.

Not so long ago, deeds relating to the transfer of houses, land, and other "real" property were charged for by length. Lawyers in the House of Commons at last managed to get this altered. A scale of charges was fixed according to the value of the property changing hands, and irrespective of length of deed.

The lawyers then began to save themselves work by cutting down the length of their deeds until they became comparatively short. Since there was no difference in the payment, the shorter they were the better.

Under the present happy system it is frequently possible to make very short indeed the deeds in property transactions involving thousands of pounds, and worth a clear £50 or £100 in "costs" to the lawyer—shorter, in fact, than in other matters where he does not make as many shillings.

WHERE BIG PROFITS ARE MADE.

In these days the lawyer likes more than ever the law which allows him 4d. per folio of 72 words for "fair-copying" a document, and 8d. a folio for finally "engrossing" it. There is little difference, by the way, between "fair-copying" and "engrossing," except that a trifle more style—black letters, German text, and the like—is supposed to be put into the latter.

Formerly the solicitor paid a law-writer 1jd. a folio for "fair-copying," and 2d. a folio for "engrossing," making a profit of 2jd. and 6d. per folio respectively. Now, however, only the old-fashioned practitioners do that.

The younger school of solicitors do much better, frequently making full charges—just as though they were pen-work—for each of a number of typewritten or printed copies.

Other laws the lawyers would not like to see rubbed off the statute book are those which exempt them from serving on juries. They also appreciate the privilege of not being required to act as overseers, churchwardens, or special constables, all of which offices the ordinary citizen is liable to have thrust upon him.

WHEN LAWYERS MAY NOT BE ARRESTED.

Most citizens are also liable to serve in the militia in cases of national emergency. The lawyers, however, can smile a satisfied smile, for they know they are exempt.

Solicitors, indeed, are in theory regarded as officers of the High Court, and as such enjoy special rights as well as exemptions. A solicitor, for instance, is entitled to "absolute privilege from arrest" in civil matters when acting in his official capacity.

This means, for example, that if a solicitor has been committed to gaol by, say, a county court judge, and the bailiff comes up to him in the street to arrest him, all the lawyer has to do is to flap a legal paper in the officer's face and say, "I'm on business, my boy—try again."

Solicitors have been known to evade arrest for

months by the simple expedient of carrying about with them a few legal documents tied together with red-tape. This has been proof enough that they were "on business."

Lawyers hugely appreciate the exclusive rights they have of occupying many snug berths. The offices of town clerk, coroner, county-court registrar, official receiver, clerk of the peace, and a host of others, are almost always given to either solicitors or barristers.

In most cases the law says they must be so given. The salaries and emoluments of these positions generally range from £1,000 to £2,000 or more a year.

Badly drawn laws are another source of satisfaction to the lawyers. If all laws were faultless in their clearness of expression, half the profession would have to retire into the workhouse.

As it is, there are on the statute books some amazingly ambiguous enactments—drafted though they were by paid Parliamentary lawyers, and passed by Houses of Parliament which number lawyers by the hundred among their members.

The Workmen's Compensation Acts and the Vaccination Acts are both of the kind a skilled pleader can drive the proverbial coach and horses through.

To quote the words of an eminent judge, "No one knows exactly what they mean, nor probably ever will know," and until further Acts are passed in their place solicitors and barristers will have pleasant times contemplating the fees accruing from them.

LAWYERS LOVE LIBEL LAWS.

On the other hand some well-expressed statutes are special favourites with lawyers. The breach of promise laws, for instance. They are unequivocally expressed. There is no misunderstanding them—they are all in favour of the ladies.

Hence it is that the honest solicitor who might otherwise hesitate about giving a definite opinion can say to his fair client, "My dear young lady, unquestionably you have a clear case for substantial damages. Bring me those letters, and the matter shall be put in hand at once."

On the same principle lawyers love the laws of libel. These are intelligibly expressed, and are harsher than in almost any other land.

In the United States and some other countries libel laws are practically unknown, but in this country you may not only have to pay for libelling a man, but you may be mulcted in damages for speaking the truth about him. "The greater the truth the greater the libel," say the lawyers, and it expresses the state of things pretty exactly.

The libel laws, with their depth of unmistakable meaning, are particularly hard upon journalists, and this is precisely why many of the shadier solicitors love them so well.

K.O.'S WHITE ADVERTISEMENTS.

The chief occupation of some of the gentry is to systematically search the newspapers for something that can be construed into a libel—say, an inaccurate headline, or an injudicious phrase penned by some young reporter.

Having found what they want, they go to the person referred to, persuade him that he has been grossly libelled, and finally excite his cupidity by offering to conduct an action for damages on the "No result, no pay" principle. Too often they get permission to do this.

Finally, lawyers like—or at all events, do not dislike—laws which threaten any section of the trading community with ruin. Why should they dislike them? It frequently happens that firms which have not employed a lawyer during years of prosperity, are compelled to avail themselves of one the moment their affairs are threatened with disaster.

Recently, for instance, when the law was pressing hard upon grocers who were wishful of selling as "butter" an article which was not all cream, one firm were driven to consult their solicitor, who in turn, "instructed" a famous K.O. to draft a label which would convey the desired "choicest butter" impression without actually admitting the article was not butter. It was probably the first time a great lawyer had acted as advertisement writer.

PAUL: "Percy, what is your idea of success?"

Percy: "My idea of success? Well, it is having people run after me who used to run away from me."

DOLLY SWIFT: "He called me his dear little lamb."

Sally Guy: "What then?"

Dolly Swift: "Oh, then he gathered me into the fold."

"I DEARLY love birds," he gently sighed.

And then what did she do but hasten to the open piano and softly begin singing, "I wish I were a bird." They are looking for a nest now.

"Did you kiss him?" demanded the mother.

"Certainly not," indignantly answered the girl. "Do you think I'd be so forward?" And a few minutes later she gave a deep sigh of relief, and muttered softly to herself, "Thank goodness, she didn't ask if he kissed me."

PARS ABOUT PEOPLE.

THE PRIME MINISTER is as fond of billiards as he is of golf.

MAJOR-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL is said to be proud of his skill as a shirt-dancer.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND is an expert dressmaker, and has won more than one prize for designing gowns.

MADAME MELBA's hint to would-be singers is that sixteen is the age at which to commence practice. No one should begin earlier.

THE CROWN of the Queen of Holland is very gorgeous; it is of dull gold, only the edges being polished, and the design is quaint.

SIR WILLIAM ARROL, the builder of the Tay and Forth Bridges, began life as a piecer in a cotton mill in Paisley, the home of many a clever man.

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE declares that her temperament is half Spanish, which partly accounts for the mobility of expression with which she is gifted.

Of the seven daughters of the last Duke of Abercorn, one married a duke, a second espoused a marquis, and the remaining five became the wives of earls.

THE most interesting gem in the British Crown is the ruby that once belonged to the King of Castille and was worn by Henry V. in his helmet at Agincourt.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA still preserves the lilac poplin dress in which she came to this country as the prospective wife of the Prince of Wales more than forty years ago.

THE CROWN PRINCESS of SWEDEN is the busiest of amateur photographers. Her album of Egyptian views alone contains 5,000 photos, all taken by herself.

MR. PINERO does all his writing in the evening, and the only companion allowed in his study during work hours is his pipe. He thinks that smoking is a great aid.

KING EDWARD is very fond of tea, but he takes neither sugar nor cream with it. He prefers it neat, although he occasionally has to take it with milk to please his physician.

MR. NORMAN FORBES and Mr. Forbes Robertson are brothers, a fact known to very few. The former writes plays as well as acts in his own and other people's productions.

THE KING of ITALY is the most able of Royal motorists, for he has passed a severe practical examination. He is a clever mechanic, and can repair his motor as well as drive it.

MR. ANDREW LANG attributes his literary versatility to his experience as editor of the college magazine when he was at St. Andrews. He frequently had to write the whole of the contents himself.

THE GERMAN EMPRESS is an advocate of short engagements, and would limit them to six months. Her own lasted only six weeks, but she thinks that that period is too short for general adoption.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN's first oratorical attempt, at a Birmingham debating society, was such a disastrous failure that he went home in disgust and vowed that he would never speak in public again.

MR. HAMISH MCCUEN, the talented Scottish composer, is the son of a Greenock shipowner. He is a phenomenal worker at musical compositions, and has to his credit more productions than any other man of his age.

MR. BARTON RIVIERA's opinion of animals and birds as "sitters" is that the members of the cat family, such as lions and tigers, are the most difficult, while ducks and hens are the best. Gulls are very bad models.

THE BARONESS BUNNET-COURT has within the grounds of Holly Lodge, her pretty Highgate home, a mound known as Traitors' Hill, from which the conspirators gazed towards London in the vain hope of seeing the Houses of Parliament blown into the air three hundred years ago.

WHEN Sir Edward Poynter, President of the Royal Academy, painted his picture of Jewish captives drawing the Sphinx, he had to make an alteration. He was told that he had not put enough Hebrews in the picture to pull the great image along, so he had to double the number!

MR. H. F. DICKENS, K.C., promised to become an important figure in the literary world in his early youth. He was editor, printer, and publisher of a paper called the GAD'S HILL GAZETTE, which contained information concerning the doings of the household of his father, the famous novelist.

THE KING of PORTUGAL is a musical composer; he has completed one opera, which has been publicly performed. He likes music and smoking, and, with respect to the latter, it is a standing joke that he lights one cigar so quickly from the end of the smoked-out one that nobody has yet seen him perform the act.

It is a custom in the Marlborough family to present each Duchess with a spaniel when she enters the ancestral home for the first time. This arises from the fact that a spaniel followed the great Duke all through the battle of Blenheim till victory was assured, and his wife adopted the spaniel as her favourite dog.

MR. YERKS, who is assisting to revolutionise Metropolitan traffic by the electrification of the "Underground," is a white-moustached, military-looking man with a strong, clever face. He began life in poverty, and his first business transaction was to buy a large box of soap at an auction and sell it to a local grocer for twice the amount.

MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM once caught a clever prisoner napping. The man, on trial for arson, pretended that he could not read the incriminating document, and he maintained this illiterate fiction all through the trial. At the conclusion, the judge innocently handed him a slip of paper; the man cast his eyes upon it, and exclaimed: "Six months!" The judge smiled, and a roar of laughter went round the court.



It was not at the Editor's command that I took a berth as a showground handyman. I accepted the place at my own sweet will.

I committed the rash act while holiday-making in a certain well-known Scottish watering-place. There were shows on the seashore—a merry-go-round, coconut-shies, and such like paraphernalia.

About three o'clock one bright afternoon I was standing watching a fellow losing his temper even faster than his money, in the vain attempt to bang a ball, with the aid of his foot, through a mouth, surrounded by a face labelled "Happy Ike." There's money in this game, I thought, as I saw the dusky attendant load penny after penny into his jacket pocket, and as I heard the merry tinkle of the mountain of coppers. Then and there I made up my mind to have a go at it.

Darkness was coming on as I left the boarding-house where I had been staying, and wended my way to the show-place.

"Shoot 'em up! Shoot 'em up!" roared a man, busily engaged handing out "three balls a penny" at the side of a stall with the effigies of "Tired Tim," "Charley's Aunt," and other worthies in the background.

I SIGN ON.

I at once decided that this man was the "boss," for he kept his eye on five different stalls at once, and shouted warnings and directions here and there. So I approached him timidly.

"Any chance of a job, sir?"

"Yes, here y'are—three balls a—"

"No, no," I interrupted; "any chance of work, I mean. I'm quite stranded here, spending a bit too much. Can't walk off an island."

"Look out there. Watch yer 'ead," was the only immediate response, but, turning to me, he added, "A job you want? We are a bit pushed. A'll see ye after midnight."

It was quite unnecessary to produce any references, and between twelve and one that morning—which was Sunday—I was signed on. The terms were, "bed and keep and four an' tanner," as Mr. Harry Brown, for that was his name, intimated.

Like a bolt from the blue came the news that I would have to work all night pulling down the erections and packing them for carriage in the good ship *Madge Wildfire* to the next town.

I START WORK.

First of all, with 'Arry, Bill, and another Bill, I was given the task of unscrowing the swinging boats from the top-bar, and, as luck would have it, my duties were to sit astride on the bar, and struggle with a huge screwdriver. I had never used such a tool before, and glad I am that no one was about to hear the language—not mine, of course.

"Look 'ere, pard. You want summat easier; 'oldin' babies, or sumthink like that," cried up Mr. Brown, as he motioned me to "come out of it."

I scrambled down, perspiring freely, and was next given a steady job, carrying wooden-horses from the grounds to the pier, about two hundred yards off; next followed boats, then planks.

To be quite candid, I had scarcely bargained on being a mere heavy porter. I had pictured myself peacefully smoking in the corner of a crawling caravan, or collecting pennies beneath a flaring lamp.

Daylight had dawned as the specially chartered steamer rounded the point en route for the pier. Two hours' harassing work, in which I did more than my share, saw everything and everyone aboard. Then we were off.

I LEARN TRADE TRICKS.

I went to sleep on the poop, and was awakened about eight o'clock on the Sunday morning to find the ship firmly hawsered to a quay of the large city which was our destination.

By nine o'clock that evening everything was refitted, quite as it had been in the coast town. "I think I'll turn in," I ventured to intimate to the proprietor.

"Not by a long way," he snapped, "you've got to learn the ropes yet. Take this for a conversescent 'ome?'"

For two hours, or more, I was put through such tuition as went towards making me efficient. It must be understood that the chief duties of a showman are to delude people into the thought that all feats are as simple as drinking tea, and strange and many are the devices used to this end.

For instance, with the board of square holes through which a round ball has to be thrown, the showman knows that a certain square is larger, surrounded by softer material, and consequently, more

easily negotiated than any other. Half an hour's practice makes one's aim almost a sure thing, and pop through goes the ball.

By one o'clock that morning I was positively an adept, then I lay myself down in a bunk in a caravan, which had five occupants.

I cannot have been asleep more than three hours when I was rudely awakened by a vigorous shake. My task-master was my rouser, and he generously served me with a cup of tea, on which, alone, I had to work for three hours, polishing brasses and other odd jobs.

Not before it was time, a frugal breakfast, consisting of tea, bread and butter, and (of all detestable delicacies) a bloater, was given me in the hut in the centre of the merry-go-round. The magic doors of the inclosure were thrown open at ten o'clock, and, from that moment, hundreds of holiday-makers swarmed in.

PENNIES BECOME POUNDS.

In quick succession, and in the way of relieving others, I was given charge of a coconut stall, a knock-the-dolly-down range, a bagatelle table, a ring-the-peg board, and a refreshment barrow. I positively sweltered in money.

At the first stall, where the charge was a penny per ball, I collected 825 pennies in less than two and a half hours, and only forty-three cocoanuts were won.

For over an hour I superintended the firing at effigies, and in this short time I gathered 470 pennies. I was in charge of a bagatelle table for quite three hours, collected £4 16s., and gave away paltry gifts to the probable value of 3s.

"Three rings a penny" was the charge at the pegged board, and prizes were only given when a certain score, requiring at least two rings to compile, was made.

Incredible as it may seem, I had 300 customers in sixty minutes, thus making 25s., and, although I had pipes and clocks for presentation, I had not to part with any.

THE DAY'S TAKINGS.

I dished out lemonade, chocolate, and other nourishing commodities for about an hour, and grossed 27s. 6d.

From five o'clock in the evening until midnight I was on the merry-go-round collecting fares. In those seven hours the engines were started about seventy times, seats being at all times fully occupied. Result—£18.

In the intervals between assisting elderly ladies to mount horses, I calmly calculated how I stood, and found that out of sixty hours I had only spent five in sleep. But at midnight the grounds were cleared, and half-an-hour later all stalls were carefully covered up for the night. Mr. Harry Brown proudly boasted to having grossed £167 in that one day.

I left ostensibly to go to bed, but really went much further. In the stillness of the night, having sneaked over a fence, I trudged through the streets and sought out an old friend, for even the Editor is more considerate than my friend the showman showed himself.

Should this meet the eye of Harry Brown, Esq. (as he delighted to call himself on the numerous brass plates I had to clean), perhaps he will send on salary due to me, care of P.W. It was earned a hundredfold.

A GEM OF A HOUSE.

HOUSE HUNTER: "I thought you said this house was a perfect gem."

Agent: "Indeed it is, ma'am."

"Why, the ceilings have no height at all."

"That's so; they'll be easy to keep clean, ma'am."

"And the windows are dreadfully small."

"To keep the sun from fading the carpets, ma'am."

"And there is no bath room."

"That's to save soap, ma'am."

HU: "Oh, will you walk through life with me by joining me in marriage?"

She: "No, Mr. Smith, that cannot be, for I must have a carriage."

HUBBUB: "How bright and clean everything looks out here!"

Suburb: "Yes; we had a couple of detectives scouring the country last week."

TEACHER: "Now, then, Tommy, you have no good excuse for staying away from school yesterday."

Tommy: "Well, it ain't my fault."

Teacher: "It isn't? Why?"

Tommy: "'Cause I done my best to think up a good one."

STERN PARENT: "So you want to marry my daughter, eh? Well, have you any expectations?"

Young Man: "Yes, I expect you will decline to give your consent, and we shall elope."

Stern Parent: "Take her, my son, with my blessing; my daughter requires the firm rule of a character like yours."

TRIED A DRINK OF SAWDUST?

Some Queer and Little Known Thirst-quenchers.

WHEN the temperature goes up to a hundred, one's thoughts naturally turn to the most satisfying thirst-quencher that is to be had. Here it is:

Simmer two tablespoonfuls of oatmeal or pearl barley in a quart of water till it decreases to a pint, let it stand till just warm, and add the juice of a lemon.

Violet cordial, a liqueur beloved of Yorkshiremen, is one of the best of the home-brewed drinks. Made from freshly-plucked sweet violets, it is often kept for years by farmers, who drink it sparingly in tiny glasses, yet it retains all the delicious aroma of the fragrant flower from which it takes its name.

Home-made sloe wine is a drink which takes a lot of beating as a thirst-quencher. It is especially popular in Durham.

Cowslip wine is another prime favourite unknown to the inhabitants of cities. So, too, are a host of "teas" famous in rural parts not only for their refreshing, but also for their curative, powers.

Years ago before the tea from India and China could be bought so cheaply, beverages brewed from mint, pennyroyal, dandelion, wild thyme, marjoram, camomile, balm, calamint, and similar herbs were almost universal.

Even to-day their fame is not dead, and they are frequently resorted to by housewives in hot weather, and when any small ailment shows itself in their families.

A tea made from sage was the favourite concoction of John Wesley, while a ginger-tea was quite a weakness with Coleridge, the poet.

Leaves plucked from strawberry plants and currant bushes make a fragrant beverage, as do ribwort and thoroughwort, the latter, both as a refresher and a curative, being found in very many households.

Liberty tea made from loosestrife, and hyperion tea from raspberry leaves are other prime favourites.

Who has not tasted the delicious mead and sighed for more? This luscious beverage, made with water from honey, and fermented, also frequently by cottagers from the liquid honey which remains in the comb after the usual processes of drooping and squeezing, is one of the finest of thirst-quenchers.

Strange as it may seem, a drink can be made from sawdust. Here is the recipe:

Two tons of sawdust are boiled with sulphuric acid for three hours, the liquid matter then extracted by pressure, neutralised, left for eighteen hours to cool and clarify, and then fermented for four or five days.

The resulting alcohol is afterwards distilled and rectified, but a yield of about nine quarts and a half of spirit to every hundredweight of sawdust is obtained. Quantities of this are consumed in France.

Among Africans there exists no lack of intoxicants, though they make use of neither grape-juice nor malt extract. Palm trees of different kinds, bananas, and millet, furnish the raw materials.

Palm wine is made from the sap oozing from the cut-off blossom stems of the oily palm-tree, and of the cocoa-tree. It is a pleasant, refreshing beverage, and not sufficiently known. Mubisi, the banana wine of the Uganda natives, is made in a curious manner.

A big hole is made in the ground, lined with banana leaves, filled with unripe bananas, and kept covered by mats and earth until the fruit has become completely ripe.

Then the bananas are slit, mixed with fine hay, and placed in a large, boat-like wooden trough, having an emptying pipe at one end.

Water is added, and the whole thoroughly mixed with short wooden sticks, after which the trough is covered with banana leaves, and the mixture left standing for a couple of hours.

It is then ready for use, and represents a sweet, agreeable, and not intoxicating beverage. If left for three days, however, the beverage becomes "muenge," having undergone fermentation. In this state it is a refreshing, though intoxicating drink.

Istshimiyana is the weird name given to a deadly intoxicant made from treacle by the natives of Natal. An analysis of this drink made some time ago by an eminent doctor showed that it was fifty per cent. stronger than any known alcohol.

Dynamite drinking is the name given in Ireland to the imbibing of ether and methylated spirit. In Bothnal Green, Shoreditch, and other parts of East End London, in County Derry, and in Edinburgh, and Glasgow, such drinking is decidedly on the increase.

To check this curious form of intoxication, the Inland Revenue authorities have issued an order that it should be mixed with wood-alcohol before being offered for sale. As this had no effect, naphtha mixed with the spirit was tried, and finally its sale was restricted between 10 p.m. on Saturday until 6 a.m. on Monday.

The Yankees, of course, have a huge number of thirst-quenchers, intoxicating and otherwise.

One of the queerest of these drinks is that known as "fuss fungie." It is peculiar to the bowery or slum district of McKeesport, Pennsylvania, and five shillings' worth distributed round is sufficient to keep the police busy for three days on end. Its component parts are alcohol, sugar, water, and molasses.

Starving to Death to Win Fame.



Foolhardy Feats of Emulation that have Cost Many Lives.

Over One Hundred Persons Have Perished Through Trying to Outvie Blondin.

While Motor-Racing has been Responsible for Many Deaths.

THE casualty list in connection with the recent walking contest between soldiers near Paris shows what men will endure in order to break their own or somebody else's record in an athletic contest.

Over thirty per cent. of the competitors had to seek medical assistance, owing to exhaustion and heat stroke. Thirty-five were admitted to hospital. Three died there almost immediately, while others were for some time in a very dangerous condition.

In 1897 there was quite a craze in America for riding on bicycles down the Capitol steps at Washington.

These steep stone stairs are seventy-four in number, and the first man to successfully descend them, in the manner indicated was William Shields, a professional cyclist.

The feat brought him both fame and fortune, and at once dozens of adventurous riders tried to go one better. Men attempted the task blindfolded, riding backwards, and in all manner of fancy postures.

At last Jake McKoy essayed the descent on an "ordinary," with his hands tied behind his back, and broke his neck. After that the curious craze died a natural death.

RIVALS IN HIGH DIVING.

Very fierce was the rivalry between those two famous exponents of the art of high diving, Burns and Donovan. They began by diving against one another at the Westminster Aquarium, the height being gradually increased until the roof was reached.

Then, of course, they could get no higher.

So the scene of the struggle was transferred out of doors, and a fresh record was established by one or the other of the contestants every few weeks. Eventually they both killed themselves; Burns at Rhyll Pier, and Donovan in diving from the top of the Tower Bridge.

When, in 1878, "Captain" William Andrews sailed a little half-decked cutter from America to England, it was thought a wonderful feat. The papers devoted columns to him, he was fêted and feasted everywhere, and made a lot of money lecturing.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN A ROW-BOAT.

The inevitable result followed. Dozens of foolhardy folk tried to outvie his exploit by using smaller and smaller craft. At last a certain "Captain" Gardiner started from Nova Scotia for Falmouth in a little open row-boat, measuring barely fifteen feet from stern to bow.

Marvellous to relate, he succeeded to getting more than two-thirds of the way across. He was hailed nine hundred miles west of the Lizard by a sailing ship, but was then in a pitiable state. His hands were raw, and his whole body covered with fearful blisters. He could just speak, but was unable to stand upright.

Yet he declined to give up his self-imposed task, and seek safety on board the larger vessel. "I'll either reach England or go to the bottom," he said.

It was the latter alternative, in the end, that he compassed; for nothing more was ever seen or heard of the adventurous voyager.

On July 14th, 1865, Mr. Edward Whymper led a party to the summit of the Matterhorn, a journey which had hitherto been deemed impossible, but at a sacrifice of no fewer than four valuable lives.

ONE-FIFTH OF A SECOND TOO LONG.

That a man should deliberately drown himself, in order to break by one-fifth of a second the record for remaining under water, sounds incredible. Yet this, or something very like it, was recently reported from Butte City, Montana.

A local long-distance diver ascertained, so he said, that the longest period during which any man had remained under water alive was 4 minutes 45½ seconds. Determined to beat this, he caused himself to be lowered, heavily weighted, into a deep tank; and threatened to shoot his trainer, Bat Kennedy, if he raised him into the air before he had been immersed 4 minutes 45½ seconds.

Although urged by the bystanders to disregard this order, Kennedy refused. The reckless "record breaker" stayed beneath the surface the stipulated period. And, although he was alive when hauled out, he never recovered consciousness, and died soon afterwards.

It was in the summer of 1880 that Dr. Tanner

startled the world by proving that it was possible for a man to go forty days without eating, and within less than twelve months thereafter no fewer than nine ambitious "fasting men" paid forfeit with their lives in attempting to break the doctor's record.

It is stated that considerably over a hundred persons have lost their lives in attempting to make or break records in connection with the Niagara Falls alone, since that memorable day in 1859 when Blondin crossed them on his tight-rope.

Even more risky is the swim through the rapids below the Falls, in attempting which Captain Webb lost his life on July 24th, 1883. He relied on his own unaided skill, and was drowned. Since then one man at least, Kendall, a burly Boston policeman, has come through alive; but he wore a life-belt.

Several people, too, have permitted themselves to be carried through by the current while dressed in rubber suits, or boxed up in barrels. But of these, even, a fairly large proportion have lost their lives.

In 1888-89, there spread abroad a craze for sensational parachute descents, and other aerial antics of a like character, with the result that no fewer than fifty-three aeronauts were killed outright, and about a hundred injured in the space of twelve months.

BALLOONISTS WHO WENT TOO HIGH.

So early as 1875, again, at La Villette, near Paris, two adventurers committed involuntary suicide in an effort to get a few yards higher above the earth's surface than anybody else had ever been.

There were three men in the balloon—which was inflated with hydrogen—M. Tissandier, Croce-Spinelli, and Sivel; and they set out with the avowed intention of breaking all previous records as regards altitude attained.

At 26,100 feet M. Croce-Spinelli threw out ballast, and the balloon shot upwards with inconceivable rapidity. All three men were soon suffering terribly from suffocation. But M. Tissandier managed to open the valve with his teeth, and eventually recovered. His two companions were dead long ere the big silk ball had sunk once more to earth.

After balloons, airships. M. Santos-Dumont, in 1901, showed what was possible in this direction by twice sailing his aerial craft from St. Cloud to the Eiffel Tower and back again, winning on the second occasion the Deutsch prize of one hundred thousand francs (£4,000).

TERRORS OF MOTOR-CAR RACING.

Immediately dozens of people, many of them quite unqualified for the task, attempted to lower M. Dumont's time for the trip (29½ minutes), with results that might easily have been foreseen.

There was almost a daily crop of accidents recorded in the newspapers, many of them fatal. Among the latter were two which resulted altogether in the deaths of four persons.

On May 2nd, 1902, M. Severo, a compatriot of M. Dumont, was killed, together with his engineer, through the explosion of the petroleum reservoir of his airship.

And on October 13th of the same year M. de Bratsky and his assistant were hurled to the ground from a vast height, and dashed almost literally to pieces, owing to their ship collapsing in mid-air.

But, after all, no single attempt at record breaking has ever been attended by so many casualties as was the Paris-Madrid automobile race of June, 1903.

The huge machines thundered along the unguarded roads at speeds varying between sixty and eighty miles an hour, with the result that the "track" was soon strewn with dead and dying spectators, chauffeurs, and competitors.

Ultimately the contest was stopped by the French Government. But the sport of motor racing received a set-back from which it is hardly likely to recover for some years to come.

"We hear a lot about gold cures nowadays, but I wonder if there is any disease it will positively cure?"

"Yes—poverty."

SMITH: "I am the most reasonable man on earth."

Jones: "Then why do you always insist on having your own way?"

Smith: "Because it's the most reasonable one."

"Well, sir," said the stern voice of the millionaire, "what do you wish?"

The suitor for the heart and hand of the millionaire's only daughter looked tremblingly at the frowning countenance of his loved one's papa.

"I—I wish I w-w-was at home!" he replied.

INSURANCE AGAINST LIGHTNING.

A novelty in insurance has been instituted by SMITH'S WEEKLY—the latest coming amongst home journals.

Every copy contains an insurance which entitles the next-of-kin of any reader killed by lightning to the sum of £100.

With thunderstorms flying about the country it is just as well for you to have a copy of the paper by you.

I SWEETEN THE WORLD.

The Life Story of a Lump of Sugar.

WITHOUT me you would be a sour, ill-tempered race, half of whose food would not be palatable. The sweetness of your life you owe to me—a insignificant lump of sugar.

My family, as you know, is divided into two principal classes—the beet and the cane. Like the bulk of the sugar used by the world, I am manufactured from the beet.

When the roots are ready, they are pulled and stored in pits dug in the ground and covered with straw and earth; next they are collected, and passed into vessels called "washers," where the dirt and stones attaching to the beet are removed by currents of water. That, at any rate, is the process in Germany, the land of my creation.

I, therefore, began life as a beetroot. Thoroughly cleansed from all foreign matter, I awaited the next process—extraction of my sugar juice.

Together, with dozens of others, I was weighed and fed to a machine which sliced us into very thin sections.

These slices were automatically conveyed to iron tanks, each of which holds from one to two tons of slices. Pipes are connected with the tanks, so that liquor from one can flow to another.

When, therefore, I and my fellow fellows had filled the first tank, water was turned upon us and allowed to stand. Presently the water began to find its way through the cell membranes of my slices, and the little sacs, as time went on, were robbed of their sugar-laden juices, which mixed with the water.

The second tank, by this time, had become filled with slices, so that the sweetened water was drained from us in the first receptacle, and allowed to run in the newly filled tank, while our vessel was again refilled with water.

As soon as another tank was filled with slices, the sweetened water was passed from one receptacle to another, our tank every time being replenished with clear water. And so for a dozen tanks or more the water proceeded on its sugar-gathering mission, its temperature being gradually raised to aid the process.

Exhausted of all our sweetness, we poor slices were next ground to a pulp and considered fit only as food for cattle. But as a sickly, brown juice I still lived, and being full of organic matter, was now passed on to cylindrical tanks where the foreign matter was precipitated by a dose of milk of lime, which also robbed me of my brownish colour.

The milk of lime was in turn thrown out by carbonic acid gas, and the liquor, now of a light straw colour, after its passage through filters, was ready for the boiling down process.

After a number of boilings in vacuum pans, from which the air is exhausted by means of large pumps, I found myself a very thick syrup in a huge pan, some ten feet in diameter, where I was boiled down to the grain.

Through a peephole the sugar-maker watched the boiling liquid, and from time to time added more of the syrup, this feeding and enriching process being kept up till the grains of sugar were of the required size.

I next made the acquaintance of copper drums which revolved at a fearful rate. In this process the liquid was thrown out through perforated walls, leaving the sugar dry and white behind.

It is here that a little water, to which blue had been added, is mixed in with the syrup to give it the sparkling and whitish appearance so desirable in lump and crystallised sugar.

To become the loaf or lump sugar which I am, a very stiff boiling mass of small grain was poured into special moulds, allowed to drain, and afterwards concreted by drying.

Passed under a knife, I was next chopped up into squares, and eventually packed in boxes, and brought to your country to sweeten your existence.

My relative, cane juice, is manufactured into sugar in a very similar fashion. The canes are stripped of their leaves, the top and bottom joints chopped off, and they are then passed lengthwise between three rollers.

The subsequent juice which is pressed out is then clarified and passes through the other processes to which I was subjected, but greater care is necessary, because cane juice so quickly ferments.

You and your neighbours in Britain are the largest sugar consumers. Out of the world's supply of 8,000,000 tons of beet sugar, you dispose of 2,000,000 tons annually, at a cost of £20,000,000. Every one of you eats on an average, 70lb. of sugar a year.

Of course your brewers, who use 74,000 tons annually, and your jam-makers and confectioners, who consume 100,000 tons, are included in this amount, but Londoners alone get rid of 45,000 tons. Germans and Frenchmen only eat an average amount yearly of 21lb.

But what surprises me is that you rely on the labour and enterprise of other countries, almost every one of whom grows sugar for itself, for what forms such a staple commodity in your national diet.

Beet sugar has been made in Britain, and could be made again. Some day you will wake up to that fact, and produce your own.

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE.

By HENRY T. JOHNSON,

Author of "The Snare of Gold," "Dead to the World," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN.

The Devil's Advocate Defiant.

DALLINGER stood as though petrified, while Dolores, guided by an exquisite hyper-sensitiveness of touch, approached and touched a bell.

"How beautiful! How sweet, and how inexpressibly sad!" under his breath Seth Dallinger exclaimed. "Now I understand the shadow that sometimes crosses the clever face of Franklin Dane. And she looks as good as she is beautiful! My, what hair! California never yielded purer gold. She's a peach! And what's this? Say, Seth Dallinger, guess that was a cunning drink Cyrus T. Cormac fixed up for you—you're seeing two; anyway, in angels! Doctor, I'm glad you're here!—this to Alan Adair, who had followed Gladys into the room and in a few words explained the situation.

"My, to think of that!" said the American. "To think that there should be two such beautiful creatures in the world! Doctor, it's only hearing the one girl's voice makes one sort of understand the music that's locked up in the other. Tell her, in your way and her sister's, how concerned I am lest I might have skewed her; tell her my heart's fluttering with sadness for her, and, if I was built that way, for the first time in my memory, I could weep. But no—no, don't say that! Lord, she's too beautiful and sweet and happy to want our pity! Guess a crazy old critter like me is more in need of hers!"

Then for a while he sat, ostensibly glancing through an album of views, but, as a matter of fact, absorbed in contemplation of the sisters, both so beautiful and winsome, the one so grievously afflicted.

But, strangely enough, while the mute lips were parted and the blind eyes were lighted in a radiant smile, ever and anon the beautiful lips of Gladys quivered, and in her eyes there was a sadness that the American's own keen eyes, deep set under rugged brows, noted with wonderment and with concern.

He watched them long and earnestly, noted how easily and intelligently Dolores, in her own peculiar methods, conversed with the other two.

"Great Marconi!" he ejaculated beneath his breath. "That's a bully wireless code, and I guess that blind girl sees a good deal more than meets the eye. The beautiful creature! How tenderly she strokes her sister's hand! She gives, not asks for pity; and I reckon this time the patient diagnoses the doctor's case. Yes, my dear, there's cardiac trouble there, and I reckon the patient will have to do the healing."

So concentrated was his attention that he had not noted yet another presence, took no heed of the frown-frown of a silken gown, nor of a woman who, halting just within the threshold, gazed at him with dilated, greenish eyes, while her face grew paler still, and from whose thin lips escaped a sudden gasp.

"Franklin!"—she clutched Dane's arm just as he entered—"do you see anything there? Oh!"

"Janet, what is the matter? You are indisposed!" he exclaimed. Then, to Adair: "Perhaps it's only the heat. We'll leave the door open; and let me introduce Mr. Seth Dallinger—Mrs. Grinley Mallow!"

"You do me proud," said Mr. Dallinger, placing his right hand on his left breast and clicking his heels in an impressive bow. "Madam, I guess the pleasure's mine!"

"Oh, yes!" she laughed, tremulously. "How strange! I thought for a moment we might have met; your face seemed rather familiar."

"That's a pleasure I shouldn't have forgotten, you bet," said Mr. Dallinger gallantly.

It was easy to believe that it was the heat that occasioned Mrs. Grinley Mallow's temporary indisposition; she so speedily recovered her equanimity. Her interest in Dallinger was absolutely flattering; his financial fame in her case had preceded him, and she expressed remarkable interest in Transatlantic business institutions and methods, also in Mr. Dallinger's personal career.

"A very intelligent woman," Dallinger declared to Dr. Adair. "Sort of woman that draws a man out of himself; lures him on to give her the history of his life in twenty chapters before he's known her twenty minutes! I tell you, Doc, she took that interest in me; she learnt all about my raising in the old homestead way down Detroit; asked how many sisters and brothers I had. Why, she even got me to talk about Jake, and, though I didn't let on what a right-down crook Jake was, she made me own up that he was the black sheep of our fold, and, as such, mother's boy. A real sympathetic woman that!"

"Say, Doc, I'm charmed with Franklin Dane's home circle; like most sound men, he brings sound folks round him. That is, excepting one; there's one man in his crowd I can't cotton to now, though I've never spoken to him and only met him on the mat—a man with a black, panther face and a panther's fangs."

Alan Adair liked Dallinger none the less for learning that the latter shared his dislike for the Count de Fonseca, whom his description fitted like a glove, and they parted firmer friends than ever.

"So long, Doc! I'm nearly right home now. Here's my hotel—unless you'll come in and smile!"

Adair smiled at the idea of smiling just then, and, gripping hands, they said "Good-night!" Dallinger having expressed once more on Alan that no pains were to be spared to secure Harry Fernside being adequately defended at the trial.

Meantime, Fonseca, far from pleased with the recent

turn of events, was taking counsel regarding them with Brettley Scarth at his own rooms.

"Dane's going to ruck. There's going to be trouble!" "I said he would, some day," Brettley Scarth replied sententiously. "You've put on the screw too hard. What shall you do?"

"Why, meet mine with counter-mine—only, the counter-mine must explode first!"

"At what particular point did he show signs of kicking over the traces and damaging the splash-board?"

"He talked of repudiating the case and opinion we got Taggers to fake, and he's very obstinate in—in another matter."

"Oh! Somebody else obstinate, too, eh? Does Miss Dane inherit her father's stubbornness?"

"What do you mean?"

"Keep your temper, Leo; people will talk. Some have even got the cheek to say that Gladys Dane won't freeze over to the foreign Count who's always buzzing about her!"

"They say that, do they? Perhaps they'll have something else to talk about before long."

"Don't lose your head, Leo!"

"Have you ever known me lose it?"

"No; but there have been cases of men who played big games for big stakes and played well—men who have kept their heads and never turned a hair in the face of big risks for big peril—and then, when they've had the ball rolling at their feet, the game in the hollow of their hand, the Promised Land all smiles and asking them to come in and gather its milk and honey, have risked all, wrecked all, ruined all for the sake of the smile from one of all the women in the world!"

"You don't know me, Scarth," said Fonseca. "If I wanted a woman's smile and she denied it, I shouldn't let her wreck my game—I should be content with her tears!"

"Play your own game, Leo; you've grit enough for most things; only, mark my words—Franklin Dane's no fool. The Combine, having got the bulge on him once, has held him in its grip, and that grip has tightened year by year. But he's no fool, and, if that grip were clinched, there's a point when I can imagine Dane wrenching himself loose, or, at all events, fixing his fangs in his strangler's throat and, in his own death-throe, killing."

"Rats! He's gone too far to go back now!"

"True, he can't go back, but he might go on right to the brink and over the brink, dragging down those who forced him over."

Fonseca, in silence, poured out half a tumbler of cognac, drank it in one deep draught, that brought a hectic, sullen flush to his cheek, a flaming light to his eyes. He puffed at his cigarette deliberately for some silent moments, then, turning on Scarth, said:

"You've set me thinking. Just now leaving his house, I met at his door a man I, for a moment, took for what I've never believed in—a ghost—the ghost of Jake Dallinger!"

"So?" The other eyed him narrowly. "Why should it have been his ghost?"

"How do I know? What do you mean?"

"Nothing. We know Jake Dallinger, the champion lunco-steerer of the Pacific Slope, cleared out of these parts some time last year and hasn't for a while been heard of. But what of that? Jake had a way of disappearing and only turning up when least expected or wanted. There was no knowing, and no one could, and Jake wouldn't tell, where he'd been. It might have been Portland, it might have been Mazas, or any of the prisons or penitentiaries in Europe or America, it might even have been New Caledonia; folks never asked, nor did Jake answer questions. But why, when Jake's been invisible scarcely a year, should Leo de Fonseca, the Combine Ganger, fancy that he saw his ghost?"

"I'm going to take a leaf out of his book and not answer questions, and perhaps you'll be wiser in not asking any," said the other, with fierce sullenness.

"There's one question, perhaps, it's best for you that I should ask: Was this man a trifle shorter in stature and fuller of habit than Jake, with streaks of grey at his temples, and without the scar upon the right one, where once a bead grazed Jake?"

"Yes, yes! That's a good snap of him!" said Fonseca.

"Then you've met Jake's brother, Seth!" said Scarth in a low voice. "By the Lord Harry, if you've met him on Franklin Dane's threshold, there's a double game afoot! Yes, and a double danger! I tell you, those two men, working hand in hand, would break your Combine—yes, and break me, as easily as Samson broke the seven green withes!"

"I don't know much about the Book that tells of Samson," said Fonseca, "but, from what I remember, he was done in at last."

"Yes," said the other, "he was done in, but the house that he brought down upon himself crushed those who held him in their thrall!"

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT.

"I was in Prison, and Ye Visited Me."

To Harry Fernside these dark days, this train of untoward events, seemed part of a nightmare; his incarceration and waking were of themselves sufficiently nerve-shaking; the news of Jonas Gregory's death, following upon them, fell like a thunderbolt. To find himself charged with the murder and faced with so terrible an array of circumstantial evidence completed his bewilderment and despair.

The awful feature of it all, and wherein it most resem-

bled a fragment of evil dreams, was that the evidence arrayed against him was so terribly convincing; indeed, it was difficult to conceive appearances being so incriminating against an innocent man, nor was it surprising that, after hearing the evidence adduced at the third hearing, the magistrate forthwith committed Harry to take his trial at the ensuing sessions.

In the face of so grave an indictment, bail was, of course, refused, and Harry Fernside was submitted to the anguish and degradation of imprisonment in a prison cell, exercising in a prison yard, reading in the eyes of the criminals who watched him the aversion of the guilty for the guiltier, the complacency of the common thief, the forger, the brutal ruffian, the scoundrels of all sorts and conditions, as he, accused of murder, attended by his warder, passed through their ranks.

What wonder that fair-weather friends turned their backs upon one in such plight, so resolutely forgetting old acquaintance, old obligations, old protestations of esteem and friendship? But it was in those hours that his truest friends were true.

In the Chiffens' domestic camp the question of Fernside's guilt or innocence had been the subject of great dissension, Mrs. Chiffens stoutly refusing to let her faith in her young gentleman lodger be shaken, anything said or printed to the contrary notwithstanding; Chiffens, for his part, appearing to take a melancholy pleasure in enumerating the points against his wife's contention.

"Stuff and nonsense!" she answered. "Mr. Fernside couldn't do it. It wasn't in his nature; and to think of you, of all men, talking about appearances—and you always carrying on about your prospects being blighted by appearances being against you!" and the worthy soul persisted in, so far as the prison regulations would allow, making journeys to and fro and looking after Harry in the matter of raiment and other creature comforts, obstinately insisting upon his innocence in proportion as those around her were convinced of his guilt.

As for Alan Adair, even in the days of their campaigning Harry had never known the depth and strength of his friend and comrade's loyalty. Day by day he visited and consulted with him, and with his lawyer went over the evidence against him.

Every detail within Harry's recollection of the events of that awful night Adair had noted, and, aided by the police and others, had made every search and inquiry in the neighbourhood of that Soho street where that swift and sudden onslaught in the dark had been made.

But, so far, inquiry and investigation had been futile, and Alan Adair could not conceal from himself that, so far from his belief in his friend proving contagious, it was rather the subject of astonishment, and that the police and others concerned in investigating the story of the attack openly regarded it as the despairing invention of an all but convicted man.

It was a matter of some surprise to Harry Fernside that, just when so many alleged friends seemed so oblivious of his existence, there should arrive upon the scene, in company with Alan Adair, one individual whose acquaintance he had only made on the very night of the murder, and whose society he had only shared for a matter of half an hour, the proffer of Mr. Seth Dallinger's good offices even in those moments causing him to smile at the recollection of eccentric philanthropists who had rewarded some casual act of courtesy or kindness with a fortune.

But, divinest consolation, sweetest balm, most glorious sunshine of all, one morning, escorted to the prison visiting-room, he beheld awaiting him a vision that filled even those dread precincts with sunshine and with joy, heard his name called in the voice that was to him life's sweetest music, and in a moment he had clasped Gladys in his arms.

The darkness all was gone! What cared he if all the world cried out on him? She, who was all the world to him, believed in him, protesting her belief, not in empty words nor sounding periods, but in that mute advance, those outstretched arms, that kiss that met his own, those glistening tears, and the thought of her love and trust, making life so golden, nerved his heart.

Yes, for that life, that her love had rendered doubly precious, he would do strenuous battle, and Love, that conquers all, would give him the victory!

There was no time for tears, for protestations of her trust in him, of her belief in his innocence. Dear as he had loved her all these years, it was a new Gladys that was revealed to him, and, beneath Gladys the beautiful, the winsome, the tender, he discovered, with a strange delight, the woman whose brain was as clear as her heart was pure; whose intellect was as crystal as her soul; and it was easy to understand that the genius of the great lawyer had been inherited by his daughter.

A few, brief, hasty words, and he perceived that all the evidence brought against him, all the points urged against him, were at her fingers' ends. And then she made him repeat the story the world was scoffing at—of his incarceration and his strange awakening.

"And now, dear," she said, knitting her brows in a piquant frown that made her still more bewitching, "what of affairs at the bank? Tell me why you remained late that night?"

And Harry told in detail, in such detail as even his solicitor had not extracted from him, for Gladys led him to and fro from point to point, learning and noting in what manner he had first discovered a discrepancy. Why, it was wonderful to think that so pretty a head should have so complete a grasp of memory and figures!

Within a quarter of an hour, Gladys was in possession of the whole story of the manipulated accounts, the erasures, the alterations, the whole bag of the fraudulent tricks.

But to what end, he wondered and wondered aloud? "Sweetest of all Portias," he said, "they won't let you plead for me!"

"No," she answered simply, "your brief will be in far abler hands—in my father's. You have never known, scarcely anyone has known, that often and often I help him with his briefs, reading and synopsising them, tabulating points of evidence and argument, looking up and copying the references to precedents. I know my way over all my father's library, and sometimes, in fun, when I was quite a girl, he used to call me his devil."

"It should have been his angel!" said Harry.

Again and again she visited him, sometimes alone, sometimes with Alan Adair. The grim warders relaxed in the sunshine of her presence, and, from wondering that one so tender, so gracious, and so lovely could cherish a regard for so callous and desperate a villain, they began to wonder whether the villain were indeed so callous and so desperate, even, at times, if he could be indeed a villain.

And one of them, grim and hard as of rough-hewn granite, said to his fellows:

"Next to being caught red-handed, the case against him is as fast-iron and complete as it can be; but something seems to tell me—instinct, superstition, call it what you like, it certainly ain't logic—that, with the help of that beautiful angel, that chap Fernside will slip 'em yet!"

An expectant public, keen on the thrilling melodrama of real human life—and death—awaiting it, read with avidity in its Sunday papers that, in the case of Henry Fernside, the grand jury had found a true bill, and that the trial was fixed for the following Friday. Furthermore, that the prisoner would be defended by Franklin Dane, K.C., M.P., the so-called Devil's Advocate.

Then Augustus Panting began to have bad dreams.

And after a night of such, steadying his nerves with a brandy and soda, he dispatched a wire to Lombard Street, stating that he was prevented from attending the office by symptoms of acute influenza, then forthwith made his way to Epsom Downs, for the flat season was in full swing—in more senses than one.

It was the City and Suburban day, and on the Downs the publicans almost outnumbered the sinners. Bright and breezy as was the day, Augustus reached the Downs in anything but an enviable mood.

In the first place, the shadows of his dreams were on him, and he eyed furtively every policeman he passed; a touch upon the shoulder induced convulsion. Secondly, the morning's news informed him that the "dead cert" he had backed was certainly, to all intents and purposes, a dead horse, having been scratched late the previous evening.

Then, again, a gentleman whom Augustus had "spotted for a mug" had, on the journey down from Victoria, won fifteen pounds from him over the three card trick.

Accordingly Mr. Panting, arriving at the course, proceeded to the refreshment booth to obtain the intermittent tonic which of late he had deemed so indispensable, but which increased, rather than abated, his nervous malady.

The "big race" was over. For the time beyond reckoning, history had repeated itself and the favourite had gone down, to the dismay of all—unconnected with his stable.

Augustus had thrown the handle after the hatchet, the good money after the bad, and, with oaths bubbling up from his heart to his weak lips, he thrust his way through the throng at the refreshment bar, stuttering: "Give me another six of brandy!" Thrust his way so desperately that one individual whose drink he half capsize, flinging his glass to the ground, swung round with the declared intent of breaking his unmentionable jaw.

"How could I help it? I—What, Jerry!"

Augustus turned yet another shade of livid green. And his imminent assault, dropping his clenched fist, remarked enigmatically: "Lummy, it was as well you spoke, or else you mightn't have been able to!"

And his companion exclaimed: "What, Mr. Panting? What a lot of pals we're meeting at this picnic, Jerry!" for, at a glance, Mr. Augustus Panting perceived that Mr. Alfred Tutt was standing by, albeit that gentleman announced himself cheerfully as being in the chair, and inquired if Augustus was having soda with it.

"No, no!" Panting answered sullenly. "I like it neat nowadays; it helps me to—to not to remember!" and with his trembling hand he hurried the raw spirit to his trembling lips.

"Augustus, my son, you're in a bad way! It strikes me you want a little less instead of more tonic. Why aren't you at the bank?"

"Got a day off; wired 'em I was seedy—not such a lie, after all, in one way!"

"Certainly not!" said Mr. Tutt, exchanging a significant glance with his companions. "Strikes me, Gus, you'd better get a little longer sick leave. The best thing to suit your case—and ours," he whispered, "will be for you to take a long sea voyage."

"That's what I've been thinking," said Augustus. "Wish I'd thought of it earlier; wish I was away now. They've subpoena'd me for Friday's biz."

"Shut up!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt. "Here, let's find a quiet corner, where we can talk things over! Pete, get round to the Grand Stand and find the Count, and bring him along."

By-and-bye, Leo Fonseca, faultlessly attired in racing rig, while chatting in one of the lower boxes of the stand to a member of the Jockey Club and a lady leader of smart society, observed a bull-necked individual with a

peaked cap pulled over his eyes engaged ostensibly in exhausting a box of matches to light a cutty pipe.

A close observer might have noted, too, certain, apparently casual, movements that had, however, a sequence of their own, and which were keenly watched by a pair of sharp, black eyes while the Count de Fonseca appeared most sympathetic with the lady whose Turf calamities had followed so closely on her disasters at Bridge.

A few moments later the group gathered in a remote corner of a booth behind the Stand, and, while the four o'clock race was in progress, was joined by the immaculately attired Count Leopold de Fonseca.

For a while they conversed in whispers, the import of the conversation being mainly to the effect that Augustus Panting was as right as rain if he would only keep his mouth shut.

"That's all very well," replied Augustus. "You bet, I don't want to open mine! I don't want to talk, only they won't study whether I want to or not. The more I don't want to, the more they'll make me, and they've bricked Dane for the defence."

"That's all right!" growled Pete Callow, with a sigh of relief.

But he's a sleuth-hound when once on the trail: Suppose he overhauls those ledgers and pass books and strikes a clue?

"Make your mind easy," said Mr. Tutt, "the gentlemen of the jury will be more anxious to know who carried out the other part of the business. Augustus, my son, neat brandy isn't good in those quantities; no wonder your hand is shaking. Besides, Dane's got to ride to orders, eh, guv'nor?" and he turned to Fonseca, who replied: "Lord help him if he doesn't! By-the-bye, it's getting rather close, it's time he had those orders!"

The trembling hand replaced the half tumbler of cognac on the counter.

"Do you mean to say that Franklin Dane, the K.C., the Devil's Advocate as they call him, is—one of us?"

"You mustn't ask too many questions, my Augustus," said Leopold de Fonseca between his set teeth. "It's enough for you to know that, although many in the Combine are unknown to each other, I know them all; also that when it comes to the pinch the Combine's got first call on everyone."

"Straight, the Combine ought to stand by me," said Augustus in a choky voice, and another groan, "after what I've gone through for the Combine."

"And not forgetting your little self, Augustus," said Fonseca, "with your disinclination for work and your yearning and ambitions that you hadn't the brains to gratify on the straight. But the Combine's going to stand by you, Augustus, not only for your own sake, but for its own. Now get back to the Ring and see if you can't get some of your own night on the last race."

And that very night he sought Franklin Dane at his house in Kensington.

Mr. Dane was very busy, the man-servant explained, reading up an important brief.

The Count de Fonseca sent up a reply that his business was so urgent it would brook of no delay. On the message being brought, Gladys and her father exchanged glances.

"Very well," said Dane thoughtfully. "Show the Count in here."

Gladys, rising from a hassock on which she had been seated amid a stack of papers, and hastily gathering up these, as well as sundry photographs and a microscopic lens, flitted from the room. A moment later Fonseca entered.

"Hullo—nose to the grindstone? What a litter! Central Criminal Court—Hex versus Fernside—by Jove, the very thing I came to talk about. You lead for the defence?"

"Yes," said Dane quietly, looking up.

"Ah, well, as I have told you, this time the Devil's Advocate has got to hold a losing brief."

"But why—why?" asked Dane.

"That's my business. They're your orders—that's the flat of the Combine. Harry Fernside's got to hang, and you've got to help to hang him!"

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE.

On Trial for His Life.

THE flat of the Combine! That was the phrase ringing in Franklin Dane's ears in the weary small hours before sleeplessness gave way to troubled slumber. When in the morning, long ere rested, he by habit unclosed his heavy lids, the flat of the Combine echoed in his soul like the voice of doom. Of the Combine! That subtly working, and strong as subtle, organisation whose octopus branches could reach so far, to, if need be, strangle. That secret tribunal of fraud, violence, and iniquity.

And the flat of the Combine had done this. It had convinced the man of whose legal skill and learning, and whose brilliant ability it had so often and for so long availed itself that, whatever the offence of Henry Fernside against the laws of God and man, one thing was clear, he had offended this secret organisation whose law was lawlessness, whose very object of association was wrongdoing.

Therefore, in one respect at least, Harry was on the side of the angels. The knowledge that the Combine was against him was the primary factor inclining Franklin Dane to faith in him, so far as these charges were concerned. All through the weary years of his thralldom he had been only the unwilling slave and tool of that Combine. So far from seeking closer association with its nefarious working, only under its dread compulsion had he ever concerned himself with its affairs; beyond that he had, of his own will, been, so far as in him lay, oblivious of its existence.

Gladys, the daughter whom he loved, had confessed to him her love for Harry Fernside, and something subtler, keener than even his legal acumen, urged that this of itself was evidence presumptive in Fernside's favour, since how could one so pure, so lovable, as she

incline to one so evil as the murderer and robber of his benefactor must be?

And in addition to these considerations, the old friendly feeling for the lad, who had been in almost childhood the playmate of his own children, and whose mother had been the staunch and gentle friend of their own, inclined Franklin Dane to do his best, and do that best most strenuously, for Harry Fernside.

Over and above all this, Gladys, his eldest child, and companion, confidante, almost comrade, whose brain, clear and marvellously analytical for her sex, he had for years lovingly and patiently trained, had inspired by love itself, brought all her mental gifts to bear upon the case of Harry Fernside.

Throughout the night, throughout the following day, the phrase dinned itself into his ears—the flat of the Combine! It followed him, it haunted him, repeated not merely to his mental, but physical eyes and ears.

Opening his morning's newspaper there fluttered from its folds a slip inscribed in pencil with the words "The Flat of the Combine." Among his morning letters came one shabby, grimy envelope, addressed in a crude, unlettered hand, containing nothing but the words "The Flat of the Combine."

Arrived at chambers, among his letters there he found another such missive. In the street a man brushed past him, whispered them, and vanished! A newboy thrust an evening paper into his hand. Turning the sheet over, he came across the scrawl within the margin, "Remember the Combine!" and so throughout the weary day the warning followed him, and he was glad when night brought with it a cessation.

At last the day of Harry Fernside's trial dawned, and the oracles of the smoking carriages foretold the verdict and sentence, declaring these would serve him right.

The Central Criminal Court was crammed, the favoured spectators including men celebrated in the arts and sciences, in literature, and that drama which, borrowing largely from criminal annals, dares not soar so high into the improbable as does the play of real life.

The hats and toilettes of fashionable women, as also the bouquets, furnished according to civic tradition, for the judges, brightened up the scene. A day having been specially set aside for the trial, it commenced with the opening of the Court, and scarcely had those present resumed their seats after uprising at the entrance of Mr. Justice Meldrum, attended by the alderman and sheriffs, when the case was called, and the prisoner, attended by two stalwart warders, stepped up into the dock and bowed respectfully to the judge.

A buzz of sensation filled the crowded court. Was it possible that this fair-haired, stalwart, well-groomed, good-looking youngster standing there with an air of self-possession, could have been guilty of the villainy laid to his charge?

Many gazing on him standing there in that hour had beheld him on the concert platform and the stage, had sat spellbound by the magic of his wondrous voice.

The judge himself, scanning him beneath bent silvery brows, remembered involuntarily that summer afternoon when a pleasant throng gathered on the riverside lawn and hushed their voices, their very hearts, to listen to the music made by the youngster, who, still in the summertime of early youth, stood there before him, arraigned with theft and murder—theft most ungrateful, murder most foul.

Whatever he might be, the man standing there, he was no coward, for even in that dread moment he turned upon his judge, his jury, the Bar, spectators, and all a firm, unwavering front, stood there with folded arms, serene and self-possessed, and almost imperceptibly his eye brightened and his cheek glowed as he caught sight of some at least who believed him innocent. Of Alan Adair, his friend, thrice tried and true, of Gladys Dane, seated beside him, Gladys, his all in all, whose belief in him outweighed the doubt of all the world.

Comely, kind-hearted Mrs. Chiffens was there, too, doubtless in attendance as a witness, and Chiffens, with a sadness not wholly for himself just now in his melancholy eyes.

There sat Cyrus T. Cormac, looking more worried than even on a first night when the gods were not propitious. And there, too, sat his eccentric fellow countryman, whose gratitude had been so abundant for a courtesy so insignificant. And in these and other faces, with the exception, perhaps, of Chiffens', Harry read a faith in him which gave him heart of grace.

Here and there his eye met that of some acquaintance or happier moments, a colleague, a chum of the river or the field, a comrade of campaigning days, whose face lit up with a smile that seemed to say "Cheer up, old chap, I, who know you, believe in you." And these in that terrible ordeal were his beacons of hope.

But there were others, morbid faces, fixed and set in expectancy of his doom. One cruel, sinister face, exultant with evil triumph—the face of Leopold de Fonseca. What was he doing there? And there, just before all witnesses were ordered out of court, Harry recognised the weak, livid face of Augustus Panting, his colleague at the bank.

(This story will be concluded shortly. A new serial by a new author will start in two weeks.)

SHE: "They tell me he's very generous!"

HE (jealous): "Very. I've known him spend quite half-a-crown on a girl he's fond of!"

COLLECTOR: "Look here. I'm tired of calling here about this bill."

The Debtor: "Well, I'm glad to hear it."

HE: "What makes you think your father will object to me?"

SHE: "From what he said this morning."

HE: "What did he say?"

SHE: "He wished you would hurry up and ask him, as he is getting tired of kicking the hassock instead of you."

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A WORD with WOMEN.

Women who suffer from pain or dull ache in the back, loins or sides, from dizzy spells, rheumatic twinges, urinary troubles, gravel, sciatica, flatulence, headaches; women who are nervous, irritable, moody; women who can't stoop, can't eat can't sleep, and who seldom smile, are recommended to try Doan's Backache Kidney Pills; for Doan's Pills help the kidneys to purify the blood and drive out the dissolved or crystallised poisons that—when kept back in the body by clogged kidneys—cause fatal kidney complaints, such as dropsy, stricture, Bright's disease, and diabetes.

To suffering women Doan's Backache Kidney Pills (the genuine) will bring quick and lasting relief; will cure the aching back, rheumatic pains, headache, dizziness, urinary troubles; will drive away the tired, worn-out feeling; will brace up your nerves, brighten your spirits, bring back the colour to your cheeks; work will go easier; your cares will not weigh on you. Doan's Pills bring the kidneys back to health so that they can purify the blood and drive out the soluble poisons that cause disease.

Mrs. Hay lives at 14 Trinity House, Quayside, Newcastle-on-Tyne. She says: "For the sake of other women, I will tell you about my terrible illness and the good Doan's Backache Kidney Pills have done me. Two-and-a-half years ago I began to get ill; there was a burning pain in the back and hips, and I always felt tired and unhappy. I could not sleep well, and was weak.

"The doctor attended me, but I got no better, and for four months I was almost unconscious.

"There was, however, a much worse trouble—gravel-stones. I was ten weeks on a water-bed in a hospital, and my legs were paralysed. The doctors said I could not live more than eight months, but they were wrong, for Doan's Backache Kidney Pills have cured me and made me as well as ever I was, and that was twelve months ago, yet I still enjoy splendid health. Doan's Pills have driven out the gravel-stones and the poisons that made me so dangerously ill, and I shall always be grateful for my wonderful cure."

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A Sample box of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills will be sent to any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder troubles. Enclose this Coupon and send 1d. stamp for postage. Address—Foster-McClellan Co., 8 Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

All Chemists and Storekeepers sell Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Price 2/6 a box (six boxes for 12/6); or sent direct, post free, by the proprietors, Foster-McClellan Co., 8 Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W., on receipt of price.



Doan's Backache Kidney Pills.

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Biscuits

buy some; then write, design, or devise short, smart, pithy advertisement for each.

Suggestions must deal with the four kinds, must give name and address of Competitor, name and address of Dealer, and must reach Peek, Frean & Co., Ltd. (Dept. C.X.) London, E.C., not later than 31st October, 1904.

All suggestions become the property of

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& CO., LTD., whose awards will be final.



INQUIRY is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES PAGE.

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I WANT to draw the attention of all my readers to the most valuable and complete book on the home that has ever been published.

Pearson's Home Management contains a thousand and forty pages of advice, such as was never dreamt could be put between two covers of one volume. It tells you everything you can possibly want to know about cooking, and every word you read has been carefully considered and written down by the greatest experts on that particular dish you wish to know about. It shows you how to buy your food, how to cook it, how to eat it, how to digest it, and how to do a hundred different things with it you never thought of before.

You will never be more astounded in all your life as when you open the *Home Management*, and your eyes glaze over its myriad pages and myriad contents. "Good gracious!" you will exclaim, "is it possible all this can be in one book?" Yes, it is possible—as possible as everything is to the woman who has *Pearson's Home Management*. But it took years to gather, and it is, without doubt, one of the most marvellous compendiums of the times. It has forty pages of index, enabling you to turn up any subject in a minute.

But cooking is not the only subject dealt with. If you have a garden it tells you exactly what to do in all seasons, what to sow, and what to gather, and every bit of information on a garden that can be given. If you keep poultry it is all the same. You have only to open *Pearson's Home Management* to find just what you want to know. In fact,

Pearson's Home Management is a home manager, and everything possible that is possible in a home has been fully dealt with, and put down for all to see. How to cook, how to manage servants, how to do your laundry, how to furnish, how to doctor your family, how to deal with legal points in the home—everything, in fact, that you can ever want.

"But is not this wonderful book very expensive?" you ask again. And I answer, Expensive? not a bit of it! Ten-and-sixpence makes you the possessor of what, a few years ago, could not be bought for ten guineas. It contains in addition numerous coloured plates and photographs. Why not have one? You would be thankful beyond measure if you did, so do not delay, but go right ahead and buy one. It is a home treasure, and its binding alone makes it worthy to stand on the most honoured bookshelf.

You should be able to inspect this book at any bookseller's, but if you experience any difficulty, drop a post-card to "Isabel," and I will send you specimen pages and illustrations.

Cement for Joining Mackintosh

is made thus: Dissolve some fine shreds of pure indiarubber in naphtha or sulphide of carbon, to form a stiff paste. Apply a little of the cement to each edge that is to be joined; bring the edges together and place a weight over them till they are hard. (Reply to THOMAS.)

Tomato Jam.

Take tomatoes that are not too ripe, wipe with a cloth, and take off the stems. Put into a preserving-kettle, allowing half a pound of white sugar for every pound of fruit; add a little water for syrup. Slice one lemon for each two pounds of fruit and add. Boil until thoroughly done and the syrup is thick. Do not put much water at first, as it can easily be added later. This is an excellent preserve, and tastes a little like figs. (Reply to LAISTER.)

Rock Cakes,

such as you wish to make, require these ingredients: One pound of dried flour, four ounces of butter or lard, four ounces of caster sugar, a quarter of a pound of sultanas, the juice and grated rind of half a lemon, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one egg and a little milk. Mix the baking-powder with the flour, rub in the butter, then add the other ingredients, making it into a stiff dough with the egg and as much milk as is necessary. Butter a baking-sheet, and with two forks take up bits of the dough about the size of a walnut and put on the sheet. Scatter chopped almonds on each, and bake in a quick oven for a quarter of an hour. (Reply to SLANES.)

Take White Spots out of Furniture by holding a shovel of coals over the varnished surface where it is spotted. Afterwards, while warm, rub with a soft flannel. (Reply to SPORTY.)

To Remove Grease Stains from your dress, try motor spirit. Use a perfectly clean piece of flannel, and constantly change the surface as the dirt moves.

Try Lavender Water made from this recipe: Four ounces of rectified spirits of wine, one drachm of English oil of lavender, three drachms of essence of bergamot, and one drachm of essence of amber. (Reply to ELARA.)

When Baking Apples. First core the fruit and put on a flat baking tin with a little cold water. Into the middle of each apple put some brown sugar and one clove. Bake in a cool oven till soft. If you can spare it, put a little butter on each apple previous to cooking.

To Pickle Onions. Soak the onions in salt and water for a week, when they should be drained, and peel with a bone or silver knife. Then put the onions into more salt and water for another week, after which wash them clean and stand all night in cold water. In the morning dry the shallots on a cloth thoroughly. Arrange in jars, and pour over enough well spiced hot vinegar to cover them. (Reply to AMY.)

Gooseberry Meringue. Stew one quart of gooseberries till quite tender with plenty of loaf sugar. Beat these to a pulp, and when cold arrange in the bottom of a glass dish. Make a custard, using the yolks of eggs only. Arrange over the gooseberries. Whip up the whites of eggs very stiffly, and at the last moment pile up high on the dish as a garnish. Custard and whites of eggs are very nice when added to a compôte of fruit. (Reply to ASHBY LEXX.)

Rowan Jelly is a very good preserve, and should be made as follows. Serve it with mutton, venison and hare, and you will find it greatly appreciated. First pick the fruit off the stalks, set in a pan and cover with water. Put the pan on the fire, and as the contents come to the boil, take the fruit, mash it with a wooden spoon, and strain through a jelly bag. Then add one pound of sugar to every pint of juice, and boil it while stirring till a little jellies when put on a cold plate. Place in thoroughly dry pots and cover at once with white paper brushed over with beaten white of egg. (Reply to RYCORRT.)

Vegetable Marrow Preserve. When the fruit is perfectly ripe, cut it and put it in a dry place for a few weeks so that the sap will dry out of it. Peel the marrow, and take away the seeds. To every six pounds of pulp, put into squares one inch thick, allow six pounds of preserving sugar and two lemons sliced through. Let these ingredients stand for twenty-four hours; then put into a preserving-pan with two ounces of bruised ginger and one drachm of chillies tied in a piece of muslin. Take out the ginger after one hour's boiling. Boil the rest till all is clear, stirring frequently. This jam should not cook very fast. (Reply to NAOMI.)

Sarsaparilla Mead is the only recipe I can give you. Take sarsaparilla root cut up half a pound, sassafras four ounces, aniseed one ounce, ginger one ounce, and cloves half an ounce. Boil for about a quarter of an hour in four and a half gallons of water. Strain and set the liquor aside for several hours to become clear. Then decant and transfer to a five gallon soda-water fountain, adding to it treacle three pints and honey one pint and a half. Complete the five gallons with water and charge with carbonic acid gas. Another way is to add to the completed mixture about half a pint of brewer's yeast, and, when the fermentation is about half completed, to bottle the mead in ordinary soda-water bottles. (Reply to BROWN.)

Green Tomato Pickle made as follows will be sure to please you: Place whole green tomatoes, after removing the stalks, in salt and water, there to remain for three days, and wipe them perfectly dry, and put them into a glass or stone jar. Boil enough white wine vinegar to cover them with the following proportion of spices, etc., to each quart of vinegar: one ounce of ginger, quarter of an ounce of allspice, six cloves, two blades of mace, one capsicum, half an ounce of whole black pepper. Boil for ten minutes, then pour at once on the tomatoes. Place a saucer over the mouth and let it remain in a warm place all night. Next day carefully strain off the vinegar, add two ounces of green nasturtium seeds to the tomatoes, boil the vinegar again for two minutes and pour hot over the pickle. When cold, tie down closely and keep in a dry place for three or four weeks. (Reply to COLATES.)

HOW TO LIVE AT PEACE WITH YOUR NEIGHBOURS.

Hints which Suburban Housewives should Always Observe.

THE unhappy husband whose wife cannot agree with the neighbours, and who is always mixed up in some trouble or other, would gladly give half his inheritance just to know exactly how to make her live at peace with, say, "the woman next door." And yet it is not so very difficult after all.

The very essence of the whole matter is for a woman to be just so friendly as to earn a neighbour's respect, but never so friendly as to allow of familiarity. The main difficulty lies in the ability to hit the happy medium.

Of course, we all know that a woman's life without just a tiny bit of gossip, and a microscopic amount of scandal at a time is well nigh worthless, but even the tendency for a tiny bit of gossip, or the smallest bit of scandal-mongering, must be crushed down if one is to live at perfect peace with the neighbours.

Every right-minded woman should sternly set her face against listening to anything being said about an absent person, because she will likely be asked for her opinion, and once that is given it won't be long till the party discussed comes to hear of it; then the fat is in the fire.

Once let a woman get the name of being opposed to slander and gossip and she won't be bothered with women trying to force those undesirable things on her, and here is the funny thing, she will be very highly respected for it!

It is a strange thing that the woman who discourages tale-telling about others; who won't listen to idle gossip; who keeps herself to herself more or less, is the one whom all in the district come to look up to, yet it is a fact.

Some women are constantly calling on neighbours; they are for ever running in and out of persons' houses.

Now, these women make a great mistake—there is no one so little appreciated as the too frequent visitor; she is dubbed a nuisance, and discussed in no complimentary manner.

If a woman will visit neighbours let her use the greatest discretion, and let her visits be few and far between—why, the neighbours get to look upon it as an honour if Mrs. Koldsholder calls, and each one is delighted to tell the other of a visit paid by the select lady.

Don't for a moment imagine that such a one is put down as a snob; she takes good care that she gives no reason for such a title being applied; she always has a friendly nod, and cheery word for everyone, but she knows where to draw the line.

Now take another view of the question. Why is it that so many women, and mothers at that, have such a bad way of conducting themselves towards neighbours' children?

It is a fact that a wife sometimes simply cannot keep on good terms with neighbours by reason of the way she treats their children.

She interferes with their playing; she interdicts her boys from having anything to do with these "ragamuffins" next door, and her children quaintly inform the "ragamuffins" of the fact, and they in turn report it to their mother, who, well, any sensible person can guess the rest—the woman, in fact, gets herself thoroughly disliked.

If you want to get on with neighbours you must always be careful how you treat their children; if you are not, and have a family of your own, then be certain your young ones will suffer by reason of your foolishness.

Then, again, why will some women never rest content? It's like this.

A woman sees a roll of nice linoleum being carried in next door—nothing will satisfy her till she has a roll of a somewhat similar linoleum.

Then she visits the neighbour, comments on the new linoleum (which, of course, is brought under her notice), then to the neighbour's annoyance she commences to tell of the really magnificent piece she has just had laid down.

So funny they should both want linoleum at the same time, isn't it? And the neighbour practically puts her down as an enemy, for women know women fairly well in these terrible times.

A few good rules may be given which all women should keep in mind when dealing with neighbours, in fact, married women should learn to repeat them daily.

Be friendly with all, but effusive with none; be cordial with everyone, but allow no familiarity; have a cheery smile and word ready for every neighbour; never say a word about anyone in the locality, or out of it; treat neighbour's children as you would have your own treated.

HOLIDAYS FOR 1904.	1904. AUG.	SEPTEMBER.
Good Friday April 1.	M 1 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25
Easter Monday . . . April 4.	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 5 12 19 26
Whitson Monday . . . May 23.	W 3 10 17 24 31	W 6 13 20 27
Bank Holiday . . . August 1.	T 4 11 18 25	T 7 14 21 28
Christmas Day . . December 26.	F 5 12 19 26	F 8 15 22 29
Boxing Day . . . December 26.	S 6 13 20 27	S 9 16 23 30

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The Finishing Touch

SEVERAL readers have written to me on the subject of the series of Health Exercises, in which they show the keenest interest. So far as the "no breakfast" is concerned, one or two correspondents have pointed out that this is all very well for people who do not get up till half-past seven or eight in the morning and come straight to business, but it does not seem to work properly in the case of the man who has to rise by five o'clock. In this case he has breakfast at eight or half-past eight, and when he gets up he has either nothing or a cup of tea. My correspondents point out that no food reformer could expect a working man to go without food from the time he rises until the dinner hour—one o'clock. This is quite true. One does not want to labour physically on an empty stomach, for that would simply mean physical exhaustion. The object of the advice given was to suggest that people who followed a more or less sedentary occupation would find benefit from not taking a heavy breakfast soon after rising. In this I agree with the advice given, especially during the hot weather. The best thing to do is to have a cup of tea or coffee and a piece of toast. If you can get hold of a little fruit before you start this light repast, so much the better, but don't go in for ham and eggs, or chops and steaks. To eat food of this description is largely a matter of habit; one has always been used to doing it, and one keeps on doing it; but, believe me, you will derive considerable benefit to your health if you eat more sparingly of your first meal.

ANOTHER correspondent writes to me as follows: "May I, as a dyspeptic, be allowed to give my experience of following a system of feeding somewhat similar to that recommended in your Health articles? During the past few weeks I have on several days got up about five o'clock, had one cup of tea, and a slice of bread and butter, and then set out for a walk in the country. At the start I have felt as though I should be able to manage about a quarter of a mile, and then come home and rest; but I have pushed on well out into the country and after walking about three or four miles, I have begun to feel lighter, brighter, clearer, and more active. I have continued on till I have done twelve miles, say, about 10.30 a.m. I have then broken my fast with a glass of milk and two slices of bread and butter, rested for one hour, and then gone on for another two and a half miles and back (five miles), another glass of milk, then set out for the twelve miles back; after doing six miles, two or three apples, and two slices of bread, two ounces of cheese, and a glass of milk, and then finish the journey home, arriving feeling fresher and stronger than when starting out. The principal point about this is to get up and go right out in the country choosing a picturesque route if possible, and walk for five or six hours before making a meal. I should mention that I have not previously walked more than two or three miles at a time."

"Why are there so many names for a policeman?" asks R. T., "such as 'constable,' 'copper,' 'bobby,' 'peeler,' and the rest? What is the actual meaning of 'policeman' itself?" "Constable" was the old term, signifying "count of the stable," an officer who in the Roman empire, became promoted to a captaincy, and thence to a military command. In the old days in Britain, "constable" was the name by which officers of the peace were known. "Bobby" and "peeler" are derived from the creator of the modern police force, Sir Robert Peel. "Copper" is a slang word, meaning "one who cops." "Policeman" itself comes from the Greek word "polis"—a city, or state. Policemen have, from time to time, been called by many other names, but not all of them can be included here, nor would it be polite to do so.

RESULT OF THE "CONSECUTIVE" COMPETITION.

A FRESH AIR has been sent to each of the following: J. Tongue, 402 Nechells Park Road, Birmingham; A. Pitman, "Oranbrook," Enfield, N.; S. Perrie, 8 Albertville Drive, Crumlin Road, Belfast; F. Grigg, 78 Alcester Street, Stoke, Devonport; Miss L. Mannich, 44 Montpellier Road, Brighton; E. G. Ogilvie, 61, Second Avenue, Manor Park, E.; R. E. Herring, 3 Sincrobs Road, Redhill, Surrey; Rev. H. L. Graham, Maison Aubert, Territet, Switzerland; J. G. Macpherson, 13 Albemarle Terrace, York; D. Phillips, 9 Trelawn Terrace, Headingley, Leeds; A. Bell, Hillside, Bethel, Ayrshire; A. Wilson, 6 Lonsdale Road, Trewartha, Marmaduke Street, Hull; J. R. Seaton, Pembroke Villa, Upper Charlton Road, Whalley Range, Manchester; W. E. Sutton, The Cross, Gloucester; R. Gilchrist, 267 Kenmare Street, Fallowfield, Glasgow; H. Bayman, 17 Whimble Street, Plymouth; R. Doyle, 3 Kenmare Terrace, Greystones, Co. Wicklow; J. O. Miller, Painter, c/o Motherwell Bridge Co. Ltd., Motherwell; Miss O. Wilkins, Westerfort, Trowbridge, Wilts; Miss M. E. Ward, 23 Franconia Road, Clapham Park, S.W.; Miss Winter, 23 William Street, Crofton Blith, Northumberland; Miss Davis, c/o Mrs. Martin, Severn House Hotel, Westgate Place, Bath; A. H. Langmead, Chillington, Kingsbridge, Devon; Mrs. Gillings, 46a Middlegate Street, Great Yarmouth; S. Miles, 140 Walsall Road, King's Hill, Wednesbury.

With reference to the paragraph in P.W. recently, as to the derivation of the name "strawberry," A. H. L. writes from Devonshire to say that even now in the country districts of that county the boys string wild strawberries on a sort of grass, and then sell these strings of fruit to tourists. It is interesting to hear that some old customs still survive.

THE problem of why the 'bus driver wears a rug over his knees in hot weather has excited C. V. to write to me. "I think I can give you a good reason for this habit. The rug straps the driver firmly to his seat, and thus safeguards him from being thrown off in the event of a sudden stoppage of his vehicle. Another reason is that the driver does not realise his full dignity if his lower limbs are displayed. It is the upper portion of a driver—his smiling, affable face and his manly chest—that gives him his imposing appearance, and naturally he likes to conceal any features which detract from these."

HERE is a very odd incident, which is told me by U. C. (Harpenden). "At 2.45 at our parish church the other day, the bells rang out a merry peal, and upon looking from my window, I saw a bridal party coming out of church. As there were several guests, it took some time. Quite suddenly the peal stopped, and the bell began to toll for a funeral at three o'clock, so that the bridal party met the funeral party at the church gates. The tolling lasted ten or twelve minutes, after which the chimes were resumed. Have your readers ever heard of a similar case?" "Doubtless, though for the sake of the happiness of the day, I trust that not many weddings have been attended by so doleful a collision."

THE following advertisement, cut from a recent issue of the THAMES VALLEY TIMES, has been sent by a correspondent. It is to advertise a firm of House Furnishers, and is quite one of the smartest things of the kind I have seen recently:

Never upon my
in all my
did I see such
after
SEOUL
KOREA
RUSSIAN
JAPAN'D

Bedsteads as there is after ours.

A GOLD-PLATED pencil-case will be given to each of the twenty-five readers who discovers the longest word in the English language in which the letters C D R T O occur in the order given. Proper names are not allowed. As an example of what is required take the following: Suppose the letters H P A L are given, hospital could be made, but hospitable, which contains two more letters, would be the right one, provided no longer word could be found. All words must be written on post-cards, which should be addressed to THE LONGEST EDITOR, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and sent so as to arrive not later than by first post on Thursday, September 8th. The number of letters contained in the word must be distinctly stated. Picture post-cards are preferred, and any received will be sent to the children's hospitals after judging. Any competitors who wish to send their attempts under cover, may do so provided they inclose a few stamps for the FRESH AIR FUND.

THERE are still a number of post-cards autographed by celebrities in aid of the FRESH AIR FUND unsold; early application for them should, however, be made, as they are selling very quickly. The list of these at present to be obtained will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope by the Hon. Sec. of the FUND. My very best thanks are due to the London Stereoscopic Co., of Regent Street, who, as their contribution to the FUND, so kindly supplied a large quantity of the cards to be autographed.

THE following special days in connection with the FRESH AIR FUND, take place this week: "North British Mercantile" Day, September 6th; "Port Elizabeth" Day, September 7th; "Royal Army Medical Corps, Barbados" Day, September 8th.

Amount previously acknowledged, £2,061 11s. 3½d.

R. C. H., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Neville, 1s. 6d.; Miss Brill, 2s. 6d.; For Four, 2s.; Mrs. E. D. D., 1s. 6d.; H. Strother, 2s.; Mrs. Damerell, 2s.; Gladys Bory, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Elmsmore, 2s. 6d.; Aunt Maria's Birthday, 2s. 6d.; M. Bartlett, 10s.; Lord Egmont, 2s. 2s.; T. M. S., 2s. 2s.; Mrs. Scott Robinson, 2s. 6d.; F. Westrap, 4s.; Alice Webb, 1s. 6d.; G. W. Roberts, 2s.; E. English, 2s.; A Poor Lover of Little Ones, 2s.; M. Weir, 2s.; A Happy Mother, 2s.; Alma Cottage, 1s. 6d.; Wee Harry, 2s.; Many in One, 10s.; S. G. H., 7s.; Photos, 1s. 6d.; Dr. Hasleton, 2s.; H. Williams, 2s. 6d.; N. M. B. and V. B., 2s.; Motor-Car and Numerical, 2s. 2s.; F. O'Grady, 1s. 6d.; W. Stewart, 1s.; O. Donaldson, 1s.; Numerical, 1s. 6d.; H. H. H., 1s.; F. G. Bunt, 2s.; P. Clark, 1s. 6d.; S. Marshall, 1s.; H. Case, 1s.; Anon., 1s.; T. Totham, 1s.; Wellisher, 1s.; W. G. Thomas, 1s.; V. Smith, 2s.; M. G. Davis and Co., 10s. 6d.; Godfrey, Alec, and S. H. P., 4s. 6d.; E. Nicholson, 2s.; G. T., 2s. 6d.; A Lover of Fresh Air, 2s.; Six Visitors to Llandudno, 2s.; Mrs. P. Bowdon, 1s. 6d.; Dimple, 2s.; P. O. M., 10s.; Mrs. Blenkinsop, 1s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. F. Delay, 2s. 6d.; J. Rutherford, 1s. 6d.; A. Edwards, 2s. 6d.; Phoenix, 2s. 6d.; Alice Robertson, 2s.; S. M., 2s.; E. Wood, 2s.; G. Brasse, 2s.; T. H. S., 2s. 6d.; F. R. B., 2s. 6d.; Fellow Worker, 2s.; E. H., 2s. 6d.; F. N. E., 2s.; J. O. Morrison, 2s. 6d.; Cyssie, 1s. 6d.; B. Symons, 2s.; A. Wellisher, 2s. 6d.; C. M. Lees, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 2s.; J. Swathmore, 2s.; E. Walpole, 10s.; N. E. F., 2s.; H. Slater, 2s. 6d.; Reay, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 2s.; M. Broughty, 10s.;

Mrs. J. Evans, 2s. 6d.; A. Webb, 2s.; W. Kelly, 1s. 6d.; A. Lover of Fresh Air, 1s. 6d.; Percy, Harry, and May, 2s.; W. Paterson, 1s.; A. Teacher, 2s.; Four Outings, 2s. 6d.; E. Twickenham, 2s.; A. Bertram, 2s.; E. M. G. B., 2s.; E. C., 2s.; C. Stollmeyer, 2s. 12s. 6d.; J. Laycock, 2s. 6d.; R. Huntley, 1s. 6d.; G. W. H., 2s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Mr. Hodgson, 2s.; Lily and Vera, 2s.; Newtons, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. V. A., 2s. 6d.; T. R. Lang, 10s.; E. Harrison, 2s.; S. Waller, 2s. 3d.; In Memory of Norah, 2s.; Mrs. C. Kitson, 10s.; Mrs. Joicey, 2s. 2s.; Miss Littler, 4s.; J. O., 1s.; M. R. H., 10s.; Moyna, 2s. 7d.; Mrs. Durant, 2s.; Anon., 1s.; North, 2s. 6d.; E. Oliver, 10s.; Miss Webb, 2s.; F. W. Stone, 2s.; Anon., 2s. 1s.; A. Grant, 2s. 6d.; Miss Campbell, and Mrs. Wilson, 2s. 6d.; H. R. Griffin, 2s.; F. R., 2s.; Pettit, 2s. 3d.; N. Davies, 1s. 6d.; Percy and Gilbert, 1s. 6d.; M. and Geoffrey, 1s. 6d.; Inasmuch, 2s.; Dinah, 2s.; Doris Mann, 2s. 3d.; J. Bailey, 2s.; C. P., 1s. 2d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; A Postman, 2s.; Anon., 2s.

Collected: H.M.S. Sphinx, per F. Tipper, 2s. 1s.; M. M. Scott, 2s.; K. Goodson, 2s.; Molly, 4s.; Servants at Buckhurst, 2s.; Corduroy Squad, 2s.; Jaspellerie, 2s. 6d.; M. Griffiths, 10s.; Mrs. Peel and Friends, 2s. 3d.; E. M. Tappell, 4s.; W. Manning, 4s.; H. Backhoff, 10s.; Sidney, 2s. 3d.; Messrs. Worthington, Evans, Dauncey, and Co., 2s. 2s.; Per Kenneth, 2s. 6d.; J. Rees, 2s. 6d.; E. Harnes, 2s. 4d.; W. Darley, 1s. 6d.; Elsie and Hilda Warren, 10s.; E. Carson, 10s.; Miss J. Somerville, 7s.; E. Crawley, 2s. 6d.; H. Peoyd, 2s.; S. Douglas, 1s. 3d.; Spence and Priestman, 2s. 6d.; K. O'Shea, 10s.; E. Clarke, 1s. 6d.; T. O. at Chingford, 10s.; J. White, 11s.; Private J. McGregor, 10s. 4d.; M. Kay, 10s.; Carl, 1s. 6d.; W. Brill, 1s.; Simon's Town Masonic Club, per R. Ketchley, 2s. 2s.; H. Reeson, 2s.; E. Steel, 10s.; Mrs. Ottaway, 2s. 3d.; Capt. Frank Wyatt, 2s. 12s.; Mount Pleasant Estate Office, Brondesbury Park, per F. Glanville, 2s. 1s.; C. Seresold, 10s.; Master H. Hall, 2s. 6d.; E. F. Watson, 10s.; Children of Bellair Congregational Society, 2s. 12s.; M. White, 1s. 6d.; A. W. Wright, 10s. 6d.; "Fort Bonewal," 2s. 1s.; F. Hucklebridge, 4s. 6d.; A. Gearing, 2s.; A. Bertwistle, 2s.; G. and M. Employees, per H. Cocking, 7s. 6d.; M. Watson, 10s.; Messrs. Stiles and Sons, 2s. 17s. 6d.; B. Barrett, 2s. 3d.; Col. Sergt. G. Downing, 2s. 9d.; M. D. Thomson, 2s. 6d.; Pearce and Sons, Leeds, 2s. 6d.; Elsie, 4s.; Anon., 2s. 3d.; W. Robertson, 2s. 12s. 6d.; Armstead, Morcombe, 10s. 6d.; R. Roper, 2s.; M. Wesson, 2s.; Nurse, 2s.; S. Holdaway, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Hartry, 4s.; Albert, Dorothy, Harry, and Marion, 2s. 6d.; Concert by Ivy and May Beadell, Ethel Turney, Bernia, Alf, Dora, and May Martin, 2s.; M. Robinson, 1s. 9d.; E. Curtis, 2s.; M. C. H. S. C., 2s. 1s.; Employees of Bartrum Harvey and Co., 2s. 6d.; A. and J. Berridge, 12s. 6d.; H. Alabaster, 2s. 4s.; Mrs. Sowton, Ealing, 7s. 6d.; Lucy, Aileen, and Harry, 2s.; F. Crocombe, 2s. 9d.; D. Mason, 2s.; Sergt. Major Grieve, 2s. 10s.

Grand (P.W.) total, £2,769 9s. 10½d.

All amounts should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, FRESH AIR FUND, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., from whom collecting forms can be obtained.

£2,000 Insurance.

485 Claims already paid, including one of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £2,000—not for one only. £2,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 25 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 23 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' tickets in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

In the event of a person having the current number of Pearson's Weekly on him or her at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 25 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomever the Editor of Pearson's Weekly may decide to be the next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-month subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 23 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature

Available from 5 p.m., Thursday, September 1st, 1904, until midnight, Friday, September 9th, 1904.

Printed by HORACE COX, Drum's Buildings, E.C., and Published by S. ARNOLD PEARSON LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

You should read this at once.

Do not wait until your good health is impaired, but take steps to keep it up to the mark. Remember that ailments, at first apparently trifling, may soon develop into serious diseases. Do not hesitate to take **BEECHAM'S PILLS** on the first appearance of any disturbing symptoms.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

will do more to establish and maintain your general health than any other means you can employ.
Sold everywhere. Dose 1 to 4, and 2 to 4.

REAL DEVONSHIRE CREAM

(clotted).

Absolutely pure; no preservatives used; the most efficacious substitute for cod liver oil; invaluable for children and invalids; 4lb., 1s. 4d.; 1lb., 8s. 4d.; 2lbs., 4s. 4d.; free; supplied constantly to the Countesses Cadogan, Pembroke, Sefton, Dundonald, Guildford, Lichfield, etc., by

Mrs. CONYERS,
The Gables, Chagford,
B.S.O., Devon.

21 BICYCLES FREE

Another opportunity for you, but you must apply promptly, or you may be too late.

ABSOLUTELY GENUINE FREE OFFER
WILL COST ONLY A POST-CARD.



We have now given away, absolutely free of charge, 45 high-grade reliable bicycles. Our starting offer was published very extensively, and applications have reached us from all parts of the country. The names and addresses of those who have received the 45 cycles may be had upon application. We believe there are many people, who, on reading our offer, dismissed it from their minds with such remarks as "It's all nonsense, they can't afford to do it." This reminds us of the story of the man, who, for a wager, stood on London Bridge for 12 hours, offering real sovereigns at one penny each, and did not secure a single customer. We want to convince the most sceptical, and we again offer to pay £100 to anyone who can prove that we do not give the cycles away as advertised.

Our reason for giving away the free bicycles is that we want to obtain names and addresses of persons likely to become our customers. We know by experience that persons who read advertisements generally become buyers, sooner or later. We sell all kinds of cycling, sporting and amusement goods. We issue various catalogues, and you can deal as satisfactorily with us through the post as if you were to call. If you apply for a free bicycle, we shall put your name on our list to send catalogues regularly. If after sending you four different catalogues in season (games, photographs, outdoor sports, etc.), you have not made a purchase, we shall then discontinue sending. No loss to you, and but slight cost to us.

You may now possess a bicycle, but this need not prevent you from applying for our free offer, as should you be fortunate enough to obtain one of these superb cycles, you can easily dispose of it as a friend. There is no lottery. The 21 recipients will be selected by our Committee of Seven Examiners, who are well acquainted with our business and other conditions. No person employed by us, nor any relative or near friend may compete, nor will the examiners award machines to anyone they know. We offer a reward of £100 for any evidence of unfairness. As we deal with persons in all conditions of life everywhere, no one need hesitate to send a post-card application in the belief that he or she is too humble to be chosen. If you have already applied, it is useless to do so again. Only one application can come from one person.

WHAT YOU MUST DO.—Applications may be made upon a post-card, which must contain your name and full address to write a letter and enclose six stamps with application. We will send you a set of 40 handsome picture post-cards, but this purchase will have no influence upon our examiners. Neither will anything be gained by making promises to us, or offering to buy extra goods, or other remarks of like character. Such will be rejected, as this offer is absolutely genuine and open to strictest investigation. We should like to have each applicant send the name and address of some friend who would appreciate our catalogues, but if this request is not complied with it will make no difference to the examiners.

All requests should be posted promptly, as this offer will be withdrawn as soon as the number of names and addresses desired have been secured. We have not in this advertisement fixed a date for closing (as in our former offers) for the reason that many of our friends are holiday-making in remote corners of the country, and may not see this offer for a week or two. We do not wish them to think they are excluded, but if you are anxious to secure a bicycle free of all charge, you should apply immediately you have read this announcement.

EXPLANATION.—For benefits of applicants living in colonies or abroad, or who for some other good reason cannot send us their post-card request for free cycle promptly, we have set aside four extra ten guinea machines, to be given to "late applicants." These will be distributed in October.

When applying, please state whether gent's or lady's machine is required, you can have your choice. The cycles can be inspected at our headquarters, but all applications must be made through the post.

SYMONDS' LONDON STORES LTD., 124-128 City Rd., London, E.C.

£100 CASH COMPETITION

You all want "Gold." How many times does the magic word "gold" appear in this square? We are offering our customers

1,000 SPECIAL JEWELLERY PRIZES

in cash. In our last £100 contest 100 customers divided over £100, they got 25 to 40. Their names and addresses for money received can be seen, also testimonials.

We circulate our 1904 Bargain Catalogue, containing many hundreds of illustrations of fashionable jewellery, and we offer these customers as an inducement to interest in our business. Count carefully how you can form the word "Gold." Send in your answer, and enclose penny stamp for postage.

YOU MAY WIN A CASH PRIZE.

GOLD & CO., No. 43, The Watch House, Belemere Crescent, London, W.

NO MORE ROUND SHOULDERS.

Correct Carriage and Increased Strength got by Wearing the

NEW AMERICAN SHOULDER BRACE.

Light, simple, and easy adjusted. Can be worn with corsets. No hindrance to ordinary pursuits.

Men and Women's, 3/6 each. Boys' and Girls', 1/6 each. Send Chest Measurement. Foreign Postage 1/- extra.

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Over 2,000 People in this Country Every Year, and Dies 30,000.

No sufferer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, or any Rheumatic ailment should allow the disease to run. It must be taken in hand at once, or serious risks are being incurred.

There are many cures for these ailments—many of them excellent. But the latest triumph of Medical Science is the Remedy known as

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The TINY PURPLE EGGS that Cure Rheumatic Ailments

You cannot afford to run risks, so, if on think a Rheumatic attack is coming on, send **AT ONCE** for a **FREE TRIAL BOX** of **RHEUMOVoids**.

Address your Post-card to **THE RHEUMOVoids CO. (D. Dept.), 61 High Road, LEE, LONDON, S.E.**, asking for a Free Trial Box.

DAILY EXPRESS,

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Orbridge's

LUNG TONIC. THE WORLD'S CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH, HOARSENESS, &c.

SOLD EVERYWHERE, at 1/4, 2/6, 4/6, and 1/-.

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THE SAFE REMEDY FOR HEADACHE & NEURALGIA, CURES IN TEN MINUTES.

The GREATEST SINGERS and MUSICIANS in the WORLD have made GRAMOPHONE RECORDS.

The Gramophone is recognised by them as the only scientific sound-reproducing instrument that faithfully and truly represents the human voice.

Madame Melba writes:—
"I have tried the records, and find them really wonderful reproductions of my singing. My friends who have heard them are simply delighted with them."

Mr. Edward Lloyd writes:—
"I am absolutely satisfied with the records, and am content that future generations should judge my voice by the Gramophone."

Madame Adelina Patti writes:—
"It reproduces the human voice to such perfection that in listening to the records of Caruso, Placido, etc., it seemed to me as if those artists were actually singing in my saloons. I never heard anything to equal it."

The "St. James's Gazette" says:—
"The Gramophone does not flatter. But it does better. It reproduces with an exact accuracy that has gained it the favour not only of the public but the singer."

Gramophone records have been made by the following eminent artistes among hundreds of others:

Madame Melba
"Albani
"Suzanne Adams
Miss E. Parkina

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John Harrison
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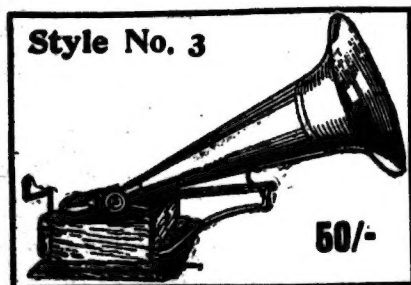
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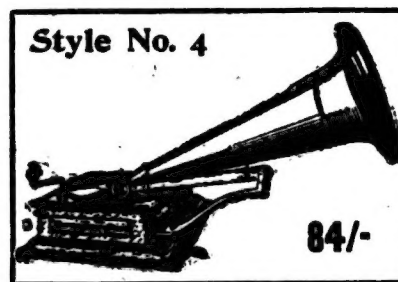
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50/-



Monarch, with Tapered Arm.

£7 10/-



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84/-

Send us a post-card—the result will interest you—and we will send Catalogues of Gramophones and Records, and the name and address of the nearest dealer in our Gramophones, Gramophone Records, and genuine Gramophone Needles, sold only in metal boxes with our trade-mark picture, "His Master's Voice," on the lid. (No other needles should ever be used for playing Gramophone Records.)

THE GRAMOPHONE AND TYPEWRITER LIMITED, 21 City Road, London, E.C.

And at Berlin, Hanover, Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Brussels, Amsterdam, Milan, Lisbon, Sydney, Calcutta, Barcelona, 7 Shortmarket Street, Cape Town.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

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